

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## THE SILENT POOL.

BENEATH the surface of the crystal water  
Metallic shines a floor of frosted green ;  
Uneven, like a depth of emerald lichen,  
Thro' ranks of dark weeds gleams its fairy sheen.

Horsetails of varied growth and plumage  
sombre,  
Like ancient warriors in dark armor dight ;  
Like fair young maidens' arms the prism-hued  
grass-leaves,  
Clinging in fond embrace before the fight.

Round and about this silent pool the ash-trees  
Bend down in thirsty eagerness to drink ;  
Amid their gray-green leaves show, keenly  
vivid,  
Long feathering laurel-sprays that clothe the  
brink.

High up in air, some thirty feet or over,  
A wild white rose above the footpath clings ;  
Fearless she clasps a tough, unyielding ash-  
trunk,  
And o'er the pool gay wreaths of blossom  
flings.

Idly I drop a pebble in the water,  
Each sombre horsetail nods a plumed head ;  
Like pearl or opal gem, the stone sinks slowly,  
Transmuted ere it reach its emerald bed.

Mystic the emerald hue beneath the water,  
Weirdlike this tint by which the scene is  
haunted ;

Vainly I ask my senses if they wake,  
Or is the deep and silent pool enchanted ?

Now as the widening ripple circles shoreward,  
The plumed dusky warriors file away ;  
The slender grass-blades wave bright arms  
imploring,  
Streaking with tender green the grim array.

Leafless, a gaunt-armed giant oak, storm-  
scathed,  
In gnarled bareness overhangs the pool ;  
Fantastic show its knotted limbs contorted,  
Grotesque and gray among the leafage cool.

Caught here and there amid the feathered  
foliage  
Are glimpses of the far hills' softened blue,  
While overhead the clouds, snow-white and  
fleecey,  
Float slowly on a yet intenser hue.

From Norman times 'tis said, maybe from  
Saxon,  
This calm tree-circled lake secluded lay,  
Pure as an infant's breast, its crystal mirror  
Baring its inmost depths to gaze of day.

Some specks there are, some clay-flakes on its  
surface,  
To open view revealed, like childish sin ;  
No roots have they, nor downward growth, to  
canker  
The purity that dwells the pool within.

Mystic the em'rald hue beneath the water,  
Fairy the tint by which the scene is haunted ;  
Vainly I ask my senses if they wake,  
Or is the clear and silent pool enchanted ?

The swallow flits two-bodied o'er the water,  
Its four wings like a windmill's sails out-  
spread ;  
Through the dark horsetails shoot the silver  
grayling,  
To seize the May-fly skimming overhead.

Flying from lawless love — so runs the story —  
A maiden plunged beneath this silent wave ;  
There, where a holly sits the bank so closely,  
She sprang and sank — beyond all power to  
save.

Six hundred years and more since that dark  
legend,  
Legend that stained a king with lasting  
shame —  
And still the deep and silent pool lies crystal,  
Crystal and clear as that poor maiden's  
fame.

Yet mystic is the hue beneath the water ;  
Unreal the tint by which the scene is  
haunted ; —

Again I ask my senses if they wake,  
Or if the silent pool's indeed enchanted ?  
Macmillan's Magazine. K. S. M.

## A MODEL MAIDEN.

'Tis not alone that she is fair,  
And hath a wealth of golden hair ;  
'Tis not that she can play and sing,  
To charm a critic or a king ;  
'Tis not that she is gentle, kind,  
And wears no chignon huge behind,  
Nor high-heeled boot, nor corset laced  
To show her slenderness of waist ;  
'Tis not that she can talk with ease  
On well-nigh any theme you please ;  
'Tis not that she can row, and ride,  
And do a dozen things beside : —  
The reasons why I love Miss Brown  
Are that she never wears a frown,  
Ne'er sulks, or pouts, or mopes, or frets,  
Or fusses about "styles" or "sets ;"  
Ne'er nurses lapdogs by the fire,  
Nor bids her friends their charms admire ;  
Ne'er bets upon the Derby day,  
And when she's lost omits to pay ;  
By bonnets does not bound her talk,  
And is not indisposed to walk ;  
Ne'er bullies her small brothers, nor  
Esteems their childish games a bore ;  
With pigments ne'er her cheek defiles,  
Nor practises coquettish wiles :  
Needs not a maid to pack her things,  
Nor plagues papa for diamond rings :  
On biscuits is content to lunch ;  
Loves Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and *Punch*.  
Never descends to vulgar slang,  
And ne'er was known the door to bang !

*Punch*.

From The Quarterly Review.  
LONDON ALMS, AND LONDON PAUPERISM.\*

A WISE man has said, "Set thyself to do good, and thou shalt have sweet moments and bitter hours: nevertheless, thou must do good to thy neighbor, or thou art not worthy of God's gifts." The self-rewarding nature of acts of benevolence is greatly overstated. To those who enter the field from impulse and emotional self-indulgence, they offer only that evanescent glow which results from all excitement. To those who put their hand to the plough in earnest, and especially in such a soil as London now presents, they are alternately exercises of the sternest faith and purest self-denial, and temptations to doubt, and even to despair. In no career must the heart be more carefully ridden by the head than in a career of philanthropy. When we try to imitate the divine attribute of love, we are soon reminded of the need of that of divine wisdom as well. So difficult is the right control of that passion of so-called charity—only too ardent and spontaneous in many—that it may be said of it, as of another passion as hard to restrain, "*Do good and sin not.*" As a science truly must the art of doing good be treated; by experiment and by result; practically, not empirically; by the spirit, not by the letter, till we reach "the law

within the law," the good which does no harm—the charity that interferes not with the appointments of God.

Just as much as there is a good and an evil principle in life, so is there a true and a false in some of the highest qualities in man's nature; in his humility, his simplicity, and especially in his charity. But that the indiscriminate application of the same word to the most opposite purposes is too firmly established to be eradicated, we should be tempted to protest against its further abuse. For it is little short of profanation to identify that which "worketh no ill" with the faulty system and selfish impulses to which so much of the degradation of our country is owing. True charity "shall cover a multitude of sins;" false charity is their surest promoter. The one is "the very bond of peace and of all virtues;" of the effect of false charity, or mere almsgiving, on the recipient, it may be said, in Burns's words on another form of evil:—

But oh! it hardens a' within,  
And petrifies the feeling.

And between the true and the false there is no halfway, harmless ground. What is not elevating, is degrading; what not useful, mischievous.

It is not too much to aver that the proper administration of public alms has been the greatest problem of our country. How best to bestow what must not be denied has entailed more discussion in England than any other subject since the Reformation. The works that have accumulated on this topic are legion, all telling the same tale of vital mistakes, and urgently needed reforms. Each successive generation has tried to loosen the knot that no one may cut; for public alms, in some form, are indispensable in a Christian land. But if our poor-laws have been, as is true, the offspring of humanity, they have been also the prolific parents of misery and degradation. As they have been administered, are still, and ever must be administered, their most notable results are improvidence, unfairness, and ingratitude. Yet it is simply fruitless to look forward to a golden age when such results would be neutralized. Idleness and

\* 1. *Letters and other Writings of the late Edward Denison, M.P.* Edited by Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON, Bart. London, 1872.

2. *Our New Masters.* By THOMAS WRIGHT (the Journeyman Engineer). London, 1873.

3. *The Seven Curses of London.* By JAMES GREENWOOD.

4. *Pauperism: its Causes and Remedies.* By HENRY FAWCETT, M.A., M.P. London, 1871.

5. *The Confessions of an Old Almsgiver.* 1871.

6. *Homes of the London Poor.* By OCTAVIA HILL. London, 1875.

7. *The Charitable Administration of an East-end Mission District.* By A. W. H. C. 1872.

8. *Charity Organization Reporter.* Published weekly during the sittings of Council by the Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity.

9. *Provident Dispensaries.* London, 1871.

10. *Address on the Systematic Visitation of the Poor.* By Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN. London, 1870.

11. *Low's Handbook of the Charities of London.* 1875.

12. *First Annual Edition of the Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities.* London, 1876.

13. *A Handy Book for Visitors of the Poor in London.* By CHARLES B. P. BOSANQUET, M.A. 1874.

vice must be at a premium where their victims are sure of help; and even-handed justice can have no part in a gigantic system of relief where the needs, and therefore the claims, of misconduct are as great as those of misfortune. Meanwhile the grosser abuses are being reduced: the employer is no longer so openly allowed to eke out the laborer's wages by the supplement of parish relief, and the workhouse is ceasing to be our chief national school for vice. Still, it is hopeless to expect that evil can ever be eliminated from the action of our poor-laws. We may assign hospitals, and give pensions to our soldiers and sailors, and feel the country honored in the performance, but it is different with a system of public alms, the nature of which is to reproduce the causes that require them. And if we add to the action of the poor-law a still more gigantic and indiscriminate distribution of private charity, we arrive at an amount of demoralizing agency, the effects of which ought not to surprise us.

London may be safely declared to be the most extraordinary capital in the world, equally as to size and contents. It is the great heart, not only of the British empire, but also of the known globe. It covers within its jurisdiction five hundred and seventy-six square miles; its area embraces seventy-eight thousand acres. It contains four millions of inhabitants, increasing at the rate of seventy-five thousand a year. Above two millions have been expended annually on the poor in the shape of legal relief, not including paupers in lunatic asylums and vagrants; \* and little less, if at all less, than seven millions in the shape of private charity. It is reckoned that one-eighth of the metropolis is assisted by the other seven-eighths, the average received by each individual being 17*l.* a year, or by each family of five persons 85*l.* This population is largely intermixed with various nationalities. London contains more Jews than Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotch than Edinburgh, and more Roman Catholics than Rome. More largely still is it

diversified in its moral strata. Every degree in the scale is filled: from riches to destitution, from luxury to filth, from learning to ignorance, from refinement to savagery, from goodness of which the world is not worthy, to wickedness which is a disgrace to humanity. Where is there another city where a woman may so easily get rid of a burdensome child, just old enough to steal and beg for himself? She has but to take him through a few miles of intricate streets, and disappear round a corner, and that child and his unnatural parent never meet again. On the other hand, so extensive, however unequally distributed, are the charities, that the best chance some London children can have in life is to be turned into the streets.

There is something in the mixture of English freedom and English charity with that total absence of so-called paternal supervision which distinguishes the working of English law, which has raised up a class in London, finding its parallel nowhere, unless where extremes meet — viz., in savage life. The London lawless man may be likened to the wild Indian in many respects, and not always to his advantage. The struggle for existence sharpens the instincts of each, though in different directions. Each is incapable of providing for more than present want; but the savage procures his food in a healthier way — wresting it from nature more than from man — and he procures it for those dependent on him. Each is ingenious in evading pursuit; where the savage breaks his trail, the Londoner gives a false address. The savage is a terrible spectacle — his rites are dreadful — but rites he has; the other has none. The Indian believes that his distress, or starvation, proceeds from the anger of the Great Spirit; the Londoner believes in nothing. The Red Indian, in the "Great Divide," \* prays thus openly: "I am poor — that is bad. Let me steal horses: give me guns by cheating. Bring the buffalo close by." The London savage has something in him, inseparable from the atmosphere of a Christian community, which tells him that

\* The London poor-rates in 1871 amounted to 2,174,761*l.* See "Charity Organization Reporter," No. 23, p. 120.

\* "The Great Divide." Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the summer of 1874, by the Earl of Dunraven. London, Chatto and Windus, 1876.



such a prayer is naught, or worse, and he compounds with his conscience by not praying at all. We may even say that the wild man is not such a fool as his city brother; he chooses a woman for his squaw, who can cook his food and make his mocassins, and even repair his wigwam. The wretched London lad marries a tawdry slut, who can do the first and the second office as little as the third. The savage of the prairie is truer to the animal: the savage of the pavement falsier to the man. The first is more consistent with himself and his surroundings; the last is an anomaly which only the witches' caldron of a perverted civilization could concoct.

From this class it is that those youthful tribes proceed, "bold, pert, and dirty as a London sparrow," whose life is in hideous alleys and courts; whose sleep is in reeking dens; whose play and fight—for no matter how low their condition their spirits and passions never flag—are in the gutter; whose education is the example of their kind. These are the babes fed upon gin, instead of milk, and fed upon gin even *through* their mother's milk; who, as Miss Cotton says in "Woman's Work," are strangers to the meaning of a kiss! These are the urchins, deserted or neglected, who learn "to look sharp;" whose vocabulary ranges about sixty words, and those the roughest and foulest; and whose wickedness only grows with their growth. "*Naturâ tamen infirmatatis humane tardiora sunt remedia quam mala.*" The disease must precede the antidote, and can alone teach it. As in countries where wolves prevail it is the young ones whom it is easiest and most expedient to destroy, so here it is these children whom it is easiest and most expedient to reform. On their behalf it was that from small beginnings, by admirable and dauntless individuals, the ragged schools grew up. One uses the past tense with regret, for there is no doubt that in closing these schools, and dispersing the band of devoted teachers, the school-board has destroyed what its best machinery can never replace. The ragged schools, as the symptoms of a disease deeply seated at the social core, were institutions rather

of shame than pride to the true patriot and moralist. Still, they should have been left to fall into disuse with improving national habits. As it is, their suppression has only turned adrift thousands of poor waifs and strays, "half-animal, half-vegetable," as Lord Shaftesbury has called them, unfit to herd with happier children, and physically incapable of the same education. How low and enfeebled in bodily condition such children are, however preternaturally sharpened in mind, is proved by the fact that out of 5,567 boys, almost all from the London district, who presented themselves, in 1870, as candidates for the navy, on board the stationary flagship in the Thames, 4,410 were dismissed as not complying with the following conditions: namely, that they should be of sound constitution, free from physical defect or malformation, not subject to fits, and able to read and write.

But to return to their seniors. This is the lowest stratum of London life; what may be called, more or less, the professionally criminal class. Above it, around it, and within it, for all are hopelessly embedded together, are the great masses who may be divided into the idle and the ignorant, the drunken, improvident, and helpless, the sinning and the sinned against, who may in their turn be called the professionally poor. In this mass of wretchedness, only locally cohering, no "short and simple annals of the poor" can be traced; but rather a hideous and intricate growth, circle within circle, engendered at loathsome dwellings, horrible temptations, of disease, dirt, and bad example—where the merest glance discerns such mountains of difficulty, whether of doing or undoing—that it must be a stout heart that can attempt either. Two great parent causes, indissolubly connected, rise to view above the rest: the outer and more obvious one—the boy and girl marriages; the subtler and deeper one—the long existence of a mistaken system of charity.

We are aware that the early and utterly improvident marriages among this class have their defenders. That, as the "liberty of the subject" is supposed to be involved in a man's right to drink himself and his family to ruin, so early marriages

are concluded to be necessary among the reckless and irreligious to guard against a worse evil. The question is not one that demands any elaborate argumentation, or reference to Malthus or Mr. Fawcett, but may be judged on its own merits. Theoretically we may be sure that it never yet answered to do evil that good might come; while, practically, the lives of the poor sufficiently prove that the legal indulgence of selfishness and sensuality seldom stands in the way of the illegal indulgence of those temptations. Those, also, conversant with the miseries of poor women, know that the men who desert their wives and children are chiefly of the class of vicious boys who have thus abused the facility of marriage. Some innocent voice may here be heard to ask, "But why do the parents allow the children to marry thus early?" Little do they know of the poor of London who imagine that there is any allowing or disallowing in the matter. Many are the difficulties that beset even the well-disposed among the laboring-classes in, what is called, the "bringing-up" of their children. And perhaps there is no point in which right-thinking parents among the London poor more legitimately envy the rich than in their comparative facility for keeping their families from contamination. As a rule, however, the London poor, and especially the London mothers, have no idea of assuming any moral authority. They taunt, when provoked; they beat, when angry; and, generally speaking, think it a proof of dignity to wash their hands of all control over their children. The widowed mother has a son, to whom by the laws of nature she is entitled to look for help. He marries before he is twenty, and in three months' time her furniture is seized for the young couple's rent; and this, without the least shame, she converts into a plea for begging. Not that we would be thought to imply any real distinction in these and other vital points between the so-called rich and poor. The faults of the fool are pretty much the same all over the world, though differing in complexion and degree, and, especially in these cases, in excuse.

As to the other count in our indictment — the long existence of a false system of charity — this, as a mere fact, is not difficult to account for. It is remarked, and with truth, that as the rich (in London) have grown richer, the poor have apparently grown poorer; or, in other words, that the signs of wealth and of destitution have increased *pari passu*. In such a sphere as our metropolis, where the im-

possibility of any local contiguity leads unavoidably to greater extremes of physical separation — where the poor crowd the closer together, as the rich expand further and further from them — such a consequence as a totally false system of charity might have been predicted. In England, it is as much a part of a rich man's debt to society to give largely in charity, by subscriptions, etc., as it is to keep carriages and servants. Not one inch, however, has this conventional philanthropy brought the rich and the poor nearer together. How should it? The alms that have proceeded from no individual sense of sympathy have been received with no individual sense of obligation. The hand that has given and the hand that has taken have never felt the warm electricity of each other's touch. Well would it be if the result were confined to the lack of all real bond between the classes. But the consequences have a far deeper evil. The corruption of the best is the worst; and the charity that is twice blessed in spirit, may be twice cursed in effect. That which might bear heavenly fruit, if engendered between one heart and another, now only checks the growth of those sacred instincts which rich and poor are alike bound to cultivate. Somebody has done that for the child which should come from the parent — somebody that for the parent which should come from the child. The cold abstraction of an institution has stepped in, and arrested the practice of forethought and self-denial, and therefore that of a paramount duty. What can we expect from human nature thus tampered with? Men and women, relieved of their responsibilities, are as thoughtless as children. It would be strange to expect powers of application from a schoolboy, who has always a "crib" at hand. Even the forms of charity known to be prompted by necessity, or practised by the most genuine philanthropy, are not free from the reproach of disturbing God's laws. The preacher Irving, in his sermons on "the last days, when," according to the prophecy, "men shall be without natural affections," traces the signs of its fulfilment in the children who let their aged parents find refuge in a workhouse, and in the parents who have brought good people to the necessity of stepping in between them and their children, in the shape of Sunday and infant schools. Without pushing the arguments to these extreme conclusions — though, also, without denying them — the truth must be admitted that the relieving parents and children of

their respective duties, far from being the charity which is "that most excellent gift," is the greatest injury we can do them: all-sufficient to account for boy and girl marriages, deserted wives, neglected children, drink, want, crime, and all "the seven curses of London" on which Mr. Greenwood dilates.

Far be it from us to make light of the needs and temptations of the London poor. In the nature of things they essentially differ from the really country poor. These last, when of an old-fashioned sort, live in a certain sense with the squire's or nobleman's family. They knew his father, and they know his children. The superior comforts and education of "the Hall" constitute the poetry, because the pride and loyalty of their lives. But the London poor man has no contact with the great houses in the squares. The delicate, and often pampered and luxurious-looking creatures who splash him as they roll past him in their vehicles, excite his ill-will, more perhaps than his envy, for he well knows that he could not fill their place. The distance between them is not bridged over by any kindly acts or tender memories. They may possibly subscribe largely to charities, but he is not the wiser for that. He knows as little of their sufferings and sorrows as they of his. Indeed, he only knows what he sees, viz. that they live in a kind of paradise; that they drive while he plods, they slumber while he wakes, they are smart and clean while he is filthy and ragged; and the sole reason for all this of which his mind takes cognizance, is one of antagonism and not attachment; for it consists, as far as he has any perception, simply in their being rich and he poor. Further, we must remember that there are thousands of the lowest London poor who never see the upper classes at all.

We have said that charity, like science, must be tested experimentally. It was in the severe winter of 1866-67 that the destitution of the east of London burst like a hideous revelation upon the public; when the poor-law, as the term was, "broke down." The newspapers teemed with heart-rending accounts of empty mouths, fireless hearths, and small, shoeless feet. One tale, as a specimen, lives in our memory of two little boys, barefooted, and with festering chilblains, who wandered into the snow-covered country to get holly to sell, and "couldn't find none;" being themselves found nearly dead with cold and starvation. Such stories no creature living at ease could resist, and a deluge of

charity in every form set in. Additional casual wards and free dormitories were rigged up. Soup kitchens opened. "Agents from relief societies," in the words of A. W. H. C.,\* "distributed tickets with unsparing hand. Gentlemen from the West End collected and sent large sums in coals, bread, meat, groceries, etc. Mysterious persons suddenly made their appearance in the streets, and, without either knowledge or inquiry, gave relief right and left." Money flowed in so abundantly as to puzzle the almoners what to do with it. A clergyman wrote to the *Times*, and by four o'clock of the day that his letter appeared he had received 70%. Yet the misery only increased. "One of the most conscientious and laborious of the West End friends of the district, who grudged neither time nor money, and who freely spent and was spent, confessed after the winter's work that he might as well have left his labor alone, and cast his money into the gutters. The wretchedness was as great, the mouths as clamorous, the pauperism as extensive, as if not a penny had been expended." Strange to say, it seemed literally that the more was given the more was wanted. This might sound contradictory, but it was a very simple truth. Archbishop Whately's words were being practically fulfilled: "If you pay a man to work, he will work; if you pay him to beg, he will beg." Greater circumspection accordingly became the rule; the almoners acted in concert with the relieving officers; inquiry was made into every case, and not a ticket given without sifting as far as possible the need of the family; yet the conclusion came to, in the words of the same A. W. H. C., when the winter was over, was that, "with every gift of a shilling-ticket, he had done four-pennyworth of good, and eightpennyworth of harm. The fourpence represented the food that went into the stomachs of a wretched population; the eightpence the premium given to their wasteful and improvident habits."

But the true results of the experiment were still to be proved. A residue of profit there was; but it was not reaped by the poor. However low the mercantile conditions of the locality, the laws of supply and demand still asserted their natural action. By the unavoidable connection between cause and effect the stream of bounty was destined to turn other mills than those which fed the poor. The ti-

\* "The Charitable Administration of an East-end Mission District." 1872. Reprinted 1876: 9d. per dozen.

dings of new wells, suddenly opened in a thirsty land, spread on all sides. The district, instead of being shunned for its misery, was thronged for its good things. It was soon apparent that a lodging in these dens of wretchedness was all that was necessary to constitute a claim to alms. The consequence was that not only *rents rose*, but, by the unflinching level preserved between earnings and alms, *wages fell*. Thus the experiment worked itself out finally and inexorably in a greater grinding of the very people it was intended to serve.

It must be added that this class of London poor had, but a few years before, gone through a short rehearsal of the same wretched drama. The same cry, subsequently proved to be false, of the breaking down of the poor-law machinery had been raised in the winter of 1860-61, when five weeks of frost sufficed, as sensational letters to the *Times* assured the public, to bring thousands to the brink of starvation, and, at all events, to the condition of beggars. So loud was the cry against the guardians in the east of London as to call immediately for a commission of inquiry, presided over by the Hon. Charles Villiers, which commenced its sittings as early as March, 1861. This brought to light a system of indiscriminate alms, chiefly emanating from two sources. The one proceeded from the police courts. It is well known that the benevolence of guilds and private individuals furnishes the sitting magistrates of London with funds to relieve distress and wrong which their respective courts bring to light. At this time the feelings of the public were so excited — the guardians were undeservedly in such bad odor, and a certain mistrust of the workings of charitable institutions had so obtained — that, under the impression that the magistrates would best administer them, large funds flowed into the boxes of the chief police courts of the city. We take the Thames Police Court as an example. Mr. Yardley, the magistrate of that court, on being examined before the commission, stated that the sum thus sent to him for distribution, after the frost had begun, amounted to upwards of 4,000*l*. That he was greatly embarrassed how to dispose of it; entirely disapproved of having to undertake the duties of a relieving officer, and had neither time nor machinery for investigating the cases of the applicants. That by about the third week of the frost, the tidings that alms were to be had collected large crowds about the court. That his plan was to let the applicants file in, one by one, through

a narrow passage, at the end of which was a table with bags of silver coin. As each approached, the distributing officer asked him "a question or two," and looked at his hands to see if they showed signs of labor — gave him money — and so on to the next. Some days the number so relieved amounted to two thousand, and the money given to 120*l*., that being the largest sum given in any one day. On other days it varied from 60*l*. to 90*l*. — "as much silver, in fact, as I could collect." He stated that he gave directions that a preference should be given to new faces, but in most instances they knew that the same people returned every day. Considering that a similar silver shower was going on at the Mansion House, at Guildhall, and elsewhere, it could be no wonder that the poor-law machinery, far from having broken down, did not even receive the pressure that was expected, and which it was prepared to stand; or that the same parties went from one court to another on the same day, as time and opportunity favored. Some of the magistrates endeavored, at great expense of time and trouble, to be more discriminating; and Mr. Selfe, Mr. Yardley's colleague, distributed a portion to women only. But all who were examined agreed in protesting against the repetition of such a task, and in the conviction that their proceedings had "gone far to turn large sections of the London poor into a mob of mendicants."

The second cause we have adverted to was the institution of a society of young men of birth and fortune, called "The Society for the Relief of Distress," which commenced operations during the short frost thus fatally distinguished. They acted upon the somewhat hastily-formed conclusion that the guardians neither could nor would minister adequately to the wants of the poor, and rushed to the rescue of what they believed to be "perishing multitudes" with all the ardor of novices in the art. While the magistrates gave relief only in money, this society gave it only in kind, opening credits with the tradespeople, and distributing tickets. But though "their failings leant to virtue's side," they did not do the less harm for that. The examination of some of the members before the commission made it pretty plain that they had been more anxious to bestow their tickets than to inquire into the need for them. They thus, within three weeks, managed to dispose of above 3,000*l*. Still, the fact that young men of position would take cab from Piccadilly to Poplar, or from St. George's, Hanover

Square, to St. George's-in-the-East, and spend hours in visiting and succoring the lowliest of the London poor, does honor to the humanity of a class rarely before conspicuous on such errands. There is no doubt that these gentlemen contribute — for the society still exists and works in a far more practical way — to establish those individual relations between man and man which are the only true basis of charity.

The sequel to all this history of pauperism is a profitable lesson. The clergyman of the district — we still take our information from A. W. H. C. — where the direst want and beggary had prevailed, having learned the futility of attempting the so-called "relief of distress," resolved in future to leave it to the legitimate action of the poor-law. With his connivance, therefore, not a ticket has been given since 1868, nor a shilling expended for families the heads of which have been out of employment. His whole energies, on the other hand, have been devoted — firstly, towards alleviating the sufferings of the sick, knowing it to be the best economy as well as charity to restore a man to health as soon as possible; and secondly, towards fostering a spirit of self-dependence. This last object has been mainly promoted by the introduction of a mission woman and the setting up of a penny bank, the accounts of the last showing what may be rescued from the public-house and other forms of selfish waste, even in the most impoverished parishes. In the first year, 1869, the deposits amounted to 78*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; in 1875, to 352*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*

With this same district is connected the history of an individual, the mention of whom we approach with mingled respect and regret. It is related by the hard-working and lonely-placed clergyman of the parish of St. Philip, Stepney — a small tract containing six thousand souls\* — that one morning, when greatly occupied, his servant hastily entered, saying that a young gentleman from the West End wished to speak to him. His first feeling was that of annoyance to be so disturbed. Young gentlemen from the West End, with various nostrums for converting "the heathen masses," had not been unfrequent intruders, their mission generally ending in mutual disgust, and in a bequest of increased work to the permanent laborer. But the first sight of this visitor mollified him, and his first words still more. "The fine young man, with indescribable charm of manner and expression," was no other

than Edward Denison, one of the wisest as well as noblest of those who have devoted themselves to the succor of their poor brethren. As there are doubtless many to whom the career of this extraordinary young man may still be unknown it is necessary to add a short outline of his history.

Edward Denison was the son of the late Bishop of Salisbury, and nephew of the speaker, afterwards Lord Ossington. He was born in 1840, and educated at Eton and Oxford. At Eton he laid the seeds of a fatal malady by over-exertion, as one of "the eight" in training for a boat-race. Nevertheless, he distinguished himself at Oxford, and was known as a man of earnest mind and frank and generous feeling. From 1862 to 1866 he travelled in Italy, spent a winter at Madeira, and visited Switzerland, where he was much struck with the condition and habits of the Swiss peasantry. Subsequently he joined "The Society for the Relief of Distress," already mentioned, where he was first brought into contact with the London poor, and perceived, in his own words, "the unsatisfactory results of giving relief by doles, and the impossibility of doing any real work without residence on the spot." It was to announce his intention so to reside that he appeared before the astonished and worthy Mr. Dowle, the mission clergyman, whose wildest dreams had never expected such a proposition from "the West End." But Edward Denison was in earnest, and by the beginning of August, 1867, he had taken up his residence at 49 Philpot Street, Commercial Road East. There he remained eight months, during which time he built and endowed a school, himself taught the children, gave lectures on the Scriptures and other subjects to the working-men, and, above all, studied the lives and ways of the London poor. In 1868 he went to Paris, in order to look into the French system of public relief — which, by the way, however less costly than ours, he entirely disapproved — leaving his testimony that "we have nothing to learn from France except the natural thrift of the people." On coming back to England he was returned as member for Newark, and earnestly attended the House of Commons for one session. Still seeking information as to legislation for the poor, he visited Jersey in 1869, and intended, with the same object, to cross the Atlantic to the United States; but alarming symptoms of consumption coming on, a sailing voyage to Australia was recommended. The prescription

\* See Greene's Essays, "A Brother of the Poor."



proved too severe; he died a fortnight after reaching Melbourne, January, 1870.

Fortunately letters and journals by his hand were preserved, most ably collated and at first privately published by Sir Baldwin Leighton, and since given to the public. No more opportune gift could well be made in our times. This volume may be looked upon as a canon of finely-balanced reasoning and feeling on a subject of the deepest importance to the nation. Edward Denison found his plan of living among the poor entirely successful. Wrongs and neglects, which it was nobody's business to look after, were quickly detected. One of his first letters from Philpot Street contains these passages:—

All is yet in embryo, but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night school, and do what lies in me in looking after the sick; keeping an eye on nuisances, and the like, and seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. To-morrow I go before the Board, to compel the removal to the infirmary of a man who ought to have been there already. I shall drive the sanitary inspector to put the act into force against overcrowding with regard to some houses in which there have been as many as eight or ten bodies occupying one room. It is not surprising that the street in which this occurs has for months been full of small-pox, scarlet fever, and typhus. . . . These are the sort of evils which, where there are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and on which the remedial influence of the mere presence of a gentleman, known to be on the alert, is inestimable.

At the same time he as immediately discerned the other side of the question—the part that the poor themselves contribute to their own misery, and the part they must be trained to play in order

to get above that uniform level caused by the utter want of education, the complete indifference to religion, with the fruits of all this, viz., improvidence, drink, dirt, and their secondaries, crime and disease. . . . The people create their own destitution and disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work, or sickness. And this occasional pressure it is which works the ruin. The breadwinner falls sick, or is out of work; the home is broken up, the hospital or the workhouse swallow up the family; the thread of life is broken; perhaps they have been removed to a distance from former employers; at any rate, life has to be begun again right from the bottom. Is it wonderful that drink and crime levy a large conscription on these wretches while the remnant subsides into dirt and despondency? *Peu de biens, peu de soin.*

More and more, while spending his time, working and planning for the amelioration of the poor, does he feel that money-giving is the worst palliative of actual want, and the surest encouragement for its continuance:—

You see, the real truth is, sensation-writing and reckless alms are fast doing away the great work of the new poor-law in bringing up the people to providence and self-restraint. You will find all the men who really give themselves most trouble about the poor, are the most alive to the terrible evils of the so-called charity which pours money into the haunts of vice and misery every winter. . . . Giving money away only makes things worse. I am beginning seriously to believe that all bodily aid to the poor is a mistake, and that the real thing is to let things work themselves straight; whereas by giving alms you keep them permanently crooked. Build schoolhouses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains, but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings. Meanwhile, the state of things is very painful.

By the end of that year 1867 he was feeling the depression caused by the moral atmosphere in which he had immured himself: "My wits are getting blunted by the monotony and ugliness of this place. I can almost imagine, difficult as it is, the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and men's works, and of complete seclusion from the sight of God and his works." For all this his convictions as to the evil of almsgiving do but deepen, and he adds, with unconscious irony, "Our object, *i.e.* my rector and self, and some others, is to put a stop as much as possible to all benevolence."

One of his correspondents evidently urges him to attach himself to the "Church Union"—a step which he firmly declines: "I already belong to the best possible union—that body which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and I have no desire to entangle myself with an association, most of whose members hold widely different views from mine on points which, though not the most essential from a Christian point of view, are those which most excite the attention of the society." Living as he did among publicans and sinners—not even within sound of the chariot wheels of the great and rich (no less sinners)—it is no wonder that he keenly felt the difference between the talk of modern creeds and crotchets and the realities which lay around him: "Humanitarians and Ritualists, between them, are



making it very thorny walking for plain disciples of Christ. . . . It is not Christianity but Christians that are wanting. Would, indeed, that we could have some real Christianity! That, as you say, is our real want. Taught, but in the way that our Founder taught it — by living in it. That is the only way; it can't be put in with a spoon. Those who teach must live among those who are to be taught. . . . The problems of the time are social, and to social problems must the mind of the legislature be bent for some time to come."

There was that firmness, or rather conscientiousness, of the reasoning power in Edward Denison, with all his benevolence, which singularly fitted him to do battle with every form of sophistical philanthropy. By their fruits he knew them. That which entailed evil, no matter how tenderly named, was evil to him. He detected in "the curse of large eleemosynary endowments, in the perpetual droppings of charity, and in the stream that flows from the whole ratable body of London — those agencies which, appealing to the gambling spirit in man, first attract a redundant population to the metropolis, and then induce it to hang on at half-work." Hence "the anomaly" of a wretched class addicted to occupations which cannot maintain them, and which only keep them at a perpetual low level between chronic want and precarious alms. He looked upon every act — no matter how well intentioned — which lessens or defeats a man's responsibilities as a usurpation of the laws of Providence. "The all-wise Creator made self-preservation the very mainspring of his creatures' life and conduct; but society says, 'No — Providence is too austere; we will mend his work.' And what is the result?" He mercilessly tears up the false creed of those parents' rights who cannot or will not fulfil parental duties; denies the hardship of separating their children from them in the workhouse; and would go further still by separating children from any parents who have been in the receipt of continuous relief for a year, till such parents can satisfy appointed persons that either they or their relatives are able to maintain and educate them. By such means he would cut off the fatal entail of neglect and moral depravity, on the principle "that the ratepayers have a right to choose in what manner they will maintain their pauper neighbors; and if it appear that for the purpose of rendering these children independent of the rates in future it is necessary to separate them for a few

years from their parents, these last have no just grounds for complaint."

In those cases of occasional death from starvation which have harrowed the public mind and brought a burst of indignation against the dispensers of the poor-law (and we hardly needed the late instance of "Charlotte Hammond" to prove how these cases are misrepresented), he urges truly that all the law can do anywhere is to provide that no one *need* starve; and for that our poor-law provides to an extent unparalleled elsewhere. But if pride deters a man from applying for relief, or from entering the House — the old proverb, "Beggars must not be choosers," being quite obsolete — no one but himself is at fault. "The law can no more prevent voluntary starvation than it can prevent a man who has lost a fortune, and has to come down in circumstances, from shooting himself or committing any other form of suicide."

If these conclusions sound stern, it must be remembered that the man who spoke and wrote thus was laboring more than any other of his time in the true service of his fellow-creatures — being deservedly called "a brother of the poor" — and had, therefore, a right to express the convictions so acquired. No one could tax him with forming them in the coldness of an abstract theory.

We must cut short our notice of this book, no part of which can be opened without the desire to quote. Mr. Denison quitted finally the squalor of Philpot Street with predictions as to necessary changes, which have been, in great measure, realized; viz., the necessity for compulsory education; for doing away with all outdoor relief; and for a systematization of charity. He looked to Parliament "only as a longer lever to work with," and, short as was his time in the House, he left his mark there on various subjects connected with the poor. On one especially his feelings might be predicted, namely, on that of their intemperance. Though he had no opportunity of handling it from his seat, his election address gave the subject no quarter, and many an allusion is made to it in his letters.

Another laborer in this field of new and enlightened philanthropy is worthy to stand by the side of the lamented Edward Denison. If he have shown what the man can do in such a cause, Miss Octavia Hill has vindicated the power of the woman. Both have wrought by individual influence as well as by abstract principle, and each has struck and worked a vein of well-

doing, which many, it is to be hoped, will continue to develop. Miss Octavia Hill's experiment of "The Management of a London Court" has solved a problem of which our grandchildren will see the multiplied results. It may be accepted as an axiom, that those who hold the house-property in which the poor lodge, hold at the same time, and especially in London, their physical and moral condition in their grasp. There is, therefore, no class on which the welfare of a great city so intimately depends; for spiritual and medical relief alike are unavailing against the power of persistent evil which the landlords of the poor can bring to bear. In the history of the dwellings of the London poor, as they long have been and still are constituted, there is that chronic and fatal exchange of cause and effect which more than anything else accounts for the degradation of our population. Landlord and tenant are natural enemies. The one knows nothing of the duties of proprietorship, the other nothing of those of tenancy. But in the unfailing antagonism that ensues it is the landlord who gives the first blow. Both have entered into obligations and responsibilities, but it is he who begins by neglecting his. He allows his property to fall into a state of disrepair unfit for human occupation. He disregards leakage of water-butts, stoppage of drains, holes in roof; he connives at disorder and immorality; he puts up with the arrears of the dishonest who do not pay, at the expense of the honest who do; and thus, besides swelling the great account of misery and sin, he contributes to keep up that incubus of high rent which is the chief burden of the London poor. Miss Octavia Hill's description of the purchase (chiefly with money supplied by Mr. Ruskin) and thorough supervision of one court in Marylebone; of the filth and dilapidation of the homes — banister-rails all wrenched out for firewood, and of one hundred and ninety-two panes of glass only eight unbroken; of the misery and savagery of the occupants; of the immediate cleansing and gradual repair of the tenements, and as gradual education of the tenants; how, while all their wants and sorrows became known to her, and were met and sympathized with in a practical way, no pauperizing fallacies destructive to their self-respect were tolerated; no rent allowed to run on unpaid even for a week, but that rent collected by herself; how, by degrees, the little community became laborious and thrifty, where they had been idle and thriftless; orderly and docile,

where they had been violent and outrageous; good neighbors, where they had been bitter foes. And how further — the point least interesting to the feelings, but most important to the cause — the capital thus invested bore five per cent., with the necessary margin for repairs and reserve fund, and yet permitted her to allot two rooms to a family at less rent than had been given before; all this account, we resume, of work done by one lady, and how to do it, is one of the most useful lessons the present day can receive. Our space allows of no adequate justice to this lady. Happily she is still among us, joined by others under her gentle guidance; the experiment of one court already bearing fruit in several others, and certain to influence largely the working of the "Artisans' Dwellings Bill," the passing of which is entirely owing to the exertions of a society of which she is one of the most efficient members.

Meanwhile, though thus specifying Edward Denison and Octavia Hill as two mighty workers in the pulling down of strongholds, far be it from us to overlook the work of Mrs. Ranyard, author (and welder) of "The Missing Link," of Dr. Barnardo, the friend of friendless boys, of Miss Cotton of Dorking, and of many others, who, each in their way, are helping the poor how best to help themselves.

To the unfailing action of the same urgent causes on many minds, which ensues in a free community, we owe that society just alluded to, which, inaugurated by a few gentlemen of statesmanlike habits and enlightened philanthropy, has assumed the title of "The Society for the Organization of Charity," and has already worked a considerable reform in the external aspect of our streets. The practical enforcement of that sole remedy for London misery — the diminution of the causes that keep it up — has now taken root as an active system, learning strange lessons as it advances; and none so impressive as the heavy responsibility of those who lightly cast their easily-spared gifts to all who excite their compassionate impulses. There is nothing more certain — and we say this at the risk of being accused of repetition — than that the conventional modes of almsgiving, without interest and without inquiry, exactly reverse the precept we are most bound to obey; literally overcoming good with evil. What right have we, for the indulgence of a momentary sentiment, to add to the temptations of the more virtuous poor, who are faithfully endeavoring to do their duty in the state of

life to which God has called them! It is known by the evidence of many a hard-pressed fellow-creature, that the successful beggary of one wretched drone, teaching the folly of working when begging is more profitable, will demoralize a whole hive. A world of bitter reproach is contained in a common saying of the poor: "Those who tell most lies, get most." On the other hand, the success with which the idle and unscrupulous trade on the gracious impulses of the humane and generous may be a melancholy fact, but it is assuredly not one to surprise us. More than half the blame belongs to ourselves. For successful beggary is a game which needs two to play it; the strength of the one depending entirely on the weakness of the other. Such, indeed, is the organized imposture that has thriven in London, that it required nothing short of an organization to meet it. It may be affirmed that the establishment of such an institution as this was a debt long owing to society. We are bound to bear with ingratitude, and, perhaps, have no more of it from the poor than from our fellows; but we are equally bound to do battle with imposture.

It is quite beyond our scope to enter into all the workings of this society, which, in the nature of its object, are only developed by a growing knowledge of the ground. Its purposes, however, are set forth in the following heading to some of its weekly "Reporters":—

The object of the Charity Organization Society is the improvement of the poor—

1stly. By bringing about co-operation between the charities and the poor-law, and between the charities themselves.

2ndly. By securing thorough investigation and suitable action in all cases.

3rdly. By granting effectual temporary assistance, as far as the funds of the committee allow, in cases where a permanent result may be hoped for, and which are not met by existing sources.

4thly. By repressing mendicity.

These several objects are being sedulously promoted through the agency of numerous district committees—thirty-seven in number—embracing the whole area of the metropolis and suburbs; each locally formed and conterminous with the metropolitan poor-law divisions; and all finding their centre of organization in a council which meets every week. This council is joined at the weekly board by one or two representatives from every committee, all directed by the same rules, and each bringing their local business for

general discussion, and taking part in the action of the whole. Thus a vast and solid machinery is formed, resting on a broad basis composed of all ranks of society and varieties of opinion: English noblemen—not omitting the nobleman whose name is a tower of strength to every charitable body—English bishops, a Roman cardinal, clergymen, Dissenters, numerous M.P.'s, with ladies and gentlemen of earnest minds and business habits; no inconsiderable part of their usefulness being the fusion of such diverse opinions, and its operation on ground common to all.

Again, the chief objects specified above break up into special lines of inquiry and action: such as the dwellings of the poor, migration, night refuges, soup-kitchens, provident dispensaries, hospital accommodation, voting charities, special forms of beggary, loans to the poor, and the legal prosecution of impostors. These last-named cases have, of course, been the immediate and fertile source of extensive work. A world of ingenious and most impudent imposture is here laid bare. Common forms of begging under false pretences, which will readily occur to every one, are not worth particularizing. But in one instance the society have penetrated to the headquarters of "the profession." A gang of above forty persons has been detected, known to make about 5*l.* a week apiece by well-regulated audacity. Court guides and directories have supplied the basis of their operations. A volume of this kind, used by one of the chiefs of the band, has fallen into the hands of the society, in which above three thousand names of persons in and near London are marked with various signs, denoting various grades of credulity. The *Morning Post* is also taken and read aloud by the best scholar, so that all become cognizant of the movements of the fashionable world. The begging-letters sent out by this gang usually refer to names and addresses well known to the parties applied to, and which are too readily accepted as a guarantee for the veracity of the tale. These are obtained in a way little suspected, namely, by abstracting the cards lying on hall-tables while a servant goes in with a letter; or by bribing servants to give them. In some cases even visiting cards are forged. This occurred to ourselves. The baker who served the house was induced by the presentation of our card to lend the bearer, purporting to be a relative. 2*l.* The card proved to have been printed from a plate engraved for the purpose; for it differed slightly from the only one in use.

The composition of begging-letters is a regular profession, in great demand with the illiterate, and paid at the rate of five shillings for every sovereign so obtained. Some of the cases have even their comic side; for instance, "The Confessions of a Vagrant"\*—a certain George Atkins Brine—who, with a pretended wife, both crippled with rheumatism and on crutches, found their way to a watering-place. There they enlisted the sympathy of good ladies to the tune of about eight shillings a day, "forbye food and tracts," till an unguarded half-pint of rum performed the miracle of setting them dancing, and obliged them to decamp. These confessions, in a letter to a gentleman, might afford materials for a farce.

Such, however, are the humbler forms of speculation, on which the higher members of the profession look down with contempt. Paralyzed fathers and dying wives offer but small profits in comparison with a new or a needy institution in times when no inquiry is made as to who conducts the establishment, or what becomes of the funds. It is one of the saddest features in the history of imposture, that the modern machinery of good works, and the disguise of a clergyman, give the readiest facility for fraud. One of the first important cases prosecuted by the society was that of "The National Bible and Clothing Society," worked by the Rev. C. S. Bore, who had gone about the country collecting subscriptions in the convincing garb of black coat and white tie. The reverend gentleman conducted business in a very regular way; having, namely, a board, of which he was president; a committee of directors; an auditor of accounts; and a treasurer; and issuing a yearly report, with the due amount of pious anecdote and "striking" fruits. Besides the distribution of Bibles and clothing, he also carried on a Sunday school, missionary work, preaching, etc. On the committee and auditor being summoned, they unanimously denied having accepted or fulfilled such offices. The treasurer, Mr. Edwin Wright, a carpenter by trade, was, however, an exception, being father-in-law to Mr. Bore. The schoolmistress was Mrs. Bore. Two lady-teachers, "Miss W. and Mrs. B.," much praised in the report for "their zeal in the Lord's work," though too modest to give their names in full, turned out to be one and the same individual, under maiden and married initials, namely, Mrs. Bore again—*née* Wright; and, finally, the Rev.

C. S. Bore proved to be no clergyman at all, but had successively filled the position of porter, journeyman tailor, and clothier's cutter. The sum of which the public was annually defrauded for the support of this society averaged about 300*l*. In all such cases the plan is to keep up appearances, by sowing an infinitesimal part of the seed thus collected; and the fact that a small percentage of Bibles and clothing were actually distributed, caused this case, which came on in July, 1872, to fall through. But Mr. Bore failed to take the lesson to heart, and in October, 1874, he appeared before the Southwark Police Court—no longer in black coat and white tie, but attired in a fireman's uniform, with cross hatchet and helmet on buttons—to answer a charge for obtaining subscriptions for an imaginary "Disabled Firemen's Relief and Pension Fund." This being satisfactorily proved against him, he was committed to Wandsworth House of Correction for the lenient term of three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Another delinquent, prosecuted by the society, had more right to the title he disgraced. This was a Rev. Dr. Carden, D.D., who had erected an iron church in South Island Place, Clapham, whence he issued circulars appealing for help in his ministrations. A never-served Christmas dinner for five hundred children had procured him 60*l*.; an imaginary family, decimated by the small-pox, nearly 150*l*. A clerk from the post-office produced ninety-six post-office orders receipted by him; some of them from names of high repute, and all showing how hearts had opened for such purposes, backed by such an office. Dr. Carden was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labor. But he also, like Mr. Bore, took no warning; and in due time found his way again to a criminal court, in the character of a physician, on various charges of forgery, and was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

The number of fraudulent institutions successfully prosecuted by the society is startling. We may quote "The Seamen and Fishermen's Friend Society," "The Fire-Escape Association," "The Metropolitan Free Dormitories Association," "The London and Suburban Fire Brigade," "The Albert Institute," etc. They are got up by individuals of aristocratic nomenclature, such as "Francis Chandos Leigh," "Henry de Leycestre," "Vernon de Montgomery," etc. In more than one case some of the first names in London society had been suborned as presidents

\* Charity Reporter, No. 145.

and vice-presidents. In that of the Albert Institute, the clever rogue, who had also projected an imaginary "Minerva Institute," had obtained a letter of acknowledgment from the late emperor Napoleon. All these had flourished for a time with impunity; and in the instance of "The Metropolitan Free Dormitories Association," the anonymous donor of one thousand pounds to the chief charitable institutions of London, had here contributed two "one thousands" in succession.

In every instance of detected or suspected fraud, large or small, the society keep the begging letters, names, addresses — in short, complete lists, which circulate from committee to committee, and are at the service of all charities which desire to apply their funds conscientiously. In no respect is the investigating work of the society more needed. One of the most crying evils attending the overgrowth of London wealth is the excessive number of charitable societies, and the blind trust reposed in them by the public. The overlapping of such institutions, even when genuine and honestly conducted, offers a wide field of encouragement to the unthrifty habits which disgrace our country; while their ignorance, sometimes even of each other's existence, and certainly of each other's operations, furnishes a perpetual pretext for fresh extensions and new foundations, with the never-failing concomitant of chronic indebtedness and perpetual appeals. We must own to an unfeigned admiration for a gentleman of well-known benevolence, who makes it a practice never to subscribe to any "charity" that has been allowed to get into debt. So accustomed are we to that dereliction of principle in public institutions which, in private life, reaps its natural penalty, that an expenditure twice the amount of income is rather boasted of as a plea for more subscriptions. "Fixed income 14,000*l.*, necessary expenditure 35,000*l.*,"\* is even thought an irresistible confession. Strangely blind have we become to the fact that, at this rate, the demand for alms will always keep in advance of the supply. The pauperism which such a system creates is *never* relieved, but grows with that it feeds on. Most necessary has it become that some system should be set on foot to ensure that publicity of action which shall equally prevent the clashing of one charitable body with another, and the hasty formation of fresh ones. No less is

it urgent that the suggestion of the Charity Organization Society for a public register of these institutions, and a public audit of their accounts, should be carried into effect. Instead of deterring subscribers, such a plan would be a real attraction, by showing — what now puzzles many — when, where, and how best to give.

But even were all the "above nine hundred charitable institutions and funds" set forth in Low's "Handbook of the Charities of London" — which fill our hearts with complacency — well endowed, it would be as well to ask ourselves whether the effect of such a plethora be conducive to the public good. On the contrary, it would seem to be a law in social science, that, except under certain conditions, pauperism and alms, like two connected reservoirs, never fail to keep the same level. Wherever a city, or even a country, teems with endowments, a proportionate amount of idleness and drunkenness may be predicted. Bristol, among other English cities, is a case in point. There, largely endowed charities have so sapped the sense of independence, that when the Bristol and North Somerset Line was being constructed, the contractors found even the offer of high wages powerless to attract "hands," from the temptations to idleness held out by the city.\* Bruges is another instance. No *industrie* can live in that atmosphere of old congested charity. Brittany, again, is, for the same reason, the worst of all the departments of France for beggars and drunkenness. Nay, the decay of Holland may, in some measure, be traced to its superabundance of endowments, and consequent pauperism.

The cause for all this lies in the fact, not that charitable endowments are bad in themselves, but that institutions, not watched over and inquired into, naturally tend to administer their funds as carelessly as individuals their alms. It is well known that a large army of paupers, better informed than the charities themselves, migrate regularly from one to the other; and thus live, or vegetate, upon funds only intended for honest emergencies, and in a large percentage of cases for the action of the poor-law. The attention of the Charity Organization Society has been therefore peculiarly directed to the working of certain classes of charitable institutions which draw more and more upon the liberality of the public, and are them-

\* London Hospital, Whitechapel Road. Appendix to Low's "Handbook of London Charities."

\* In the nineteen central parishes of Bristol there is a drinking shop to every ten houses, and every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper.



selves clogged and surcharged with a crowd of recipients for whose benefit they were not destined. Such especially are the medical charities—in other words, the hospitals of London. No one could wish them curtailed. At the same time it is patent to all familiar with hospital wards, that numbers are admitted for whom the workhouse infirmaries are the intended refuge; and conducted as these now are, no objection, except that of false pride, can be raised against them; and greater numbers still who could easily afford some payment. A foreigner visiting one of our large London hospitals may well ask: "Are *these* the patients for whom the public pay?" Nothing, indeed, can be more scandalous than the dress of the women who visit their sick relations on the appointed days, unless it be the frilled, goffered, and embroidered night-dress—for many are so got up—of "the lady" herself (as the patients call each other) who, lying on a bed of charity, thence serenely surveys all the latest fashions! When to this is added the fact that at least seventy-five per cent. of the male cases are the result of unlimited drink, we obtain the right clue to the supposed "necessary expenditure, 35,000*l.*"

Of late the over-worked staff of some of the London hospitals have seen the policy of availing themselves of the investigating machinery offered by the Charity Organization Society. These efforts have been chiefly directed at present to the class of out-patients. It would seem that this department has been an abuse which has gradually crept in and grown to its present dimensions. In every way it works ill. Subscribers give their out-patient tickets with utmost carelessness; to parties they know nothing of, or for trivial complaints. These help to swell the mob of applicants, afflicted alike with dirt, drink, and disease—sometimes suffering from infectious complaints—to whom it is impossible for the medical officers to do individual justice. Many mistakes are therefore made, for unqualified lads have to prescribe; and many faint and deserving creatures wait for hours, and that in an atmosphere of impurity, which, generated at the very entry of the building, finds its way into the sick wards, to the serious injury of the operation cases. The result of investigation at the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, was that forty-nine per cent. of the out-patients were persons who had no right to apply for charity at all.

Nor must it be forgotten that there is a

limit to the liberality of the most liberal profession in the world. In some instances, in addition to their gratuitous services, the medical officers are known to relinquish even the fees due to them from their clinical students, in favor of chronically bankrupt institutions. In Brighton, where the Charity Organization Society has spread—as it has largely throughout England—it has been ascertained that one-fourth of the population are in receipt of gratuitous medical relief! Thus, in the anxiety of the public to provide for the supposed sick poor, it virtually robs Peter of what is his due, in order to give to Paul what is not good for him. As now constituted, the hospital not only does the work which belongs to the parochial authorities, but usurps and intercepts much of that which rightly appertains to an expensively educated professional class. The ventilation given to these subjects in the columns of the "Reporter" has already led to changes. St. George's Hospital and also, we believe, Westminster Hospital have closed their out-door department. The Board of Jewish Guardians also, who in many respects set us an admirable example equally in judgment and benevolence toward their poor, have closed all out-door relief at their dispensaries.

It seems strange that in the face of these obvious facts, such collections as what are called Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday, should have been authorized—thus only swelling the funds, without providing any check against their misuse. So imperative a levy from the pulpit is indefensible, unless coupled with conditions for which it was a legitimate opportunity: such as the participation in the collections by such charities only as strictly and conscientiously limit their benefits—as most founders specify—to "the poor and needy;" or who meet the difficulty by a classified tariff of payment from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week for those who have been in the receipt of good wages (or whose wives visit them in silk dresses!)—such a tariff, in short, as prevails in institutions for a higher, and relatively as poor, if not a poorer class—namely, the Home for Invalid Ladies in Harley Street. Payments of this kind would render a hospital partially self-supporting, while still fulfilling the purpose of charity, and neutralize its pauperizing influences. How always to settle the question as to who can or cannot pay a modicum towards their own or their children's medical treatment, may be a difficulty, but, with the help of investigation,



by no means an insuperable one. At all events, every one will agree with Mr. Fairlie Clarke, that it should not be left to the hall porters.

As to that anomaly called Hospital Saturday, the medical profession, through their press, have from the beginning rightly condemned it. For the mere fact of subscription from the nominally poor is likely to increase the strain upon an hospital far beyond the proportion of the funds they contribute. It is simply a burlesque that those belonging to the class of alms-receivers should suddenly turn into the class of alms-givers, without setting the far better example of the necessary intermediate stage of self-supporters. Like the idea of workmen M.P.'s, such fallacies lift a man into a position for which only the previous acquirement of independence can qualify him. If the artisan can contribute to pay for his neighbor's bed at an hospital, let him first pay for his own; in short, let him be just before he is generous.

And this brings us to a more becoming use of the mechanics' earnings, and the best remedy for hospital abuse: namely, the support by the lower orders themselves of a class of institutions now happily becoming more known, called "provident dispensaries." These mainly owe their suggestion and existence to the report of a medical committee appointed by the Charity Organization Society. The rules of management require that the members should be persons who, on the one hand, are not in receipt of poor-law relief; and whose means, on the other, are insufficient to pay for medical attendance at the usual rate of charge. The subscription is on the principle of an insurance, during health, for sickness; and is regulated on a scale varying from sixpence to a shilling per month. For this the subscriber has his choice of the medical staff attached, either to prescribe for him at the dispensary, or to attend him at his own home as the case may require; all medicines being supplied. About fifteen per cent. of the receipts are set aside for expenses of management, drugs, etc.; the rest is divided among the medical officers. These dispensaries are in course of being affiliated to the general hospitals, so that in cases requiring extra appliances or skill, it is optional with the doctor to draft patients into the hospital best adapted for them. There are, we believe, already upwards of twenty-four of these capital institutions in and around London, greatly in favor with the better-disposed of the London poor, who are

thankful, for this small monthly sum, to be spared the labor and humiliation of hunting about for hospital tickets. The Royal Pimlico Free Dispensary, for instance, which had existed above forty years, and which, with the active aid of the Duke of Westminster, was converted in 1873 into a provident dispensary, enrolled within the first six months seventeen hundred and thirty-one paying members. As to the remuneration of the medical men, the Haverstock Hill Dispensary divided among them, the first year, above 400*l.*; and the Camberwell Dispensary above 500*l.* These institutions are superintended by managing committees, careful to prevent their abuses on the part of a higher class. Meanwhile there is no fear that the free hospitals should not be adequately filled, or that the benevolence of their supporters should be checked by the knowledge that it is more honestly applied. As a means of education also in thrift and forethought, the value of these provident dispensaries is incalculable.

We have dwelt thus on the abuses which this society is determined to put down with a firm hand, and in which aim it earnestly seeks the co-operation of the public. Though an institution new and original in itself, it has the merit of utilizing all old ones — its best policy being found in open and amicable relations with the guardians — with the mendicity societies, and with all who unite in the common object of at once helping and improving the poor.

That there should be a feeling adverse to this society on the part of those who do not want abuses to be brought to light, is but natural. It is truly said that the badly-disposed poor "have a kind of vested interest in every sort of sanitary, moral, and religious degradation." Not that they object to the improved conditions the philanthropist aims to secure for them, but they want them *minus* supervision and control — all alms, and no "interference." There are many, too, of the higher classes, well-intentioned, tender-hearted, though perhaps narrow-minded, who would enforce the letter rather than the spirit of our Lord's words regarding the poor; and are hard to convince that the investigation this society unsparingly institutes is as much a duty and a benefit to the worthy poor as to the public. The deeper the society penetrates into the heart of our London population, the more it becomes cognizant of a decent and self-respecting, but poverty-stricken class, who suffer in silence, and to whom the ready credence given to the drunken and wasteful is a

bitter aggravation of their daily trial. To those, therefore, who naturally ask us how far this society befriends as well as corrects, we can open a chapter which, in its pure and widely-stretching benevolence, amply vindicates its sterner action. There is hardly a way in which the poor man can be lifted out of the mire and helped to help himself, which is not initiated, discussed, and arranged at that disinterested, enlightened, and truly benevolent weekly board. Their whole war is with pauperism—their whole care for the poor. Their object is not to tinker the symptoms, but to remove the disease; to confer benefits, not as makeshifts for the day, but which bear in them the principle of permanence. When the cause for poverty cannot, whether from incorrigible habits or incurable afflictions, be removed, the poor are referred to the parochial authorities, to fitting institutions, or to private benevolence; but when judicious and timely help can avail there is no form that can be suggested in which it is not granted.

If the society be anxious to break up those precarious occupations on which none can honestly subsist, it is to substitute for them others in which independence of alms and parish relief can be secured. While London is burdened and suffocated by thousands for whom there is no decent place or certain living, other centres, where rents are lower and air purer, are needing their labor. To these, if willing, whole families, especially those of the widow who here starves on needle-work at 6*d.* a day, are referred and helped. A system of loans, carried on with due prudence, not only assists such migrations, but helps to redeem the man's tools, to purchase the woman's sewing-machine, to fit out the boy for work and the girl for service; such being the force of individual trust and sympathy that, despite the usual futility of lending to the poor, bad debts are the rarest exception. Nor must it be thought that grants and gifts and provision for the old and sick are withheld, when not interfering with parental or filial duties. Those, indeed, who imagine the action of the society calculated to spare the purse of the charitable, while relieving it of the frauds of imposture, are greatly mistaken. To show this in a more business-like form we commend to our readers the following statement of three classes of cases dealt with by this society for the five weeks ending July 29, 1876: Class 1. Dismissed (or reported on as not requiring relief), 164; undeserving 92; cases for poor-law,

316; total, 572. Class 2. Recommended to the guardians, 32; to institutions or local agencies, 444; to private persons, 131: total 607. Class 3. Assisted by grants, 178; by loans, 75; by employment, 59; by letters for hospitals, 132: total, 444. Grand total, 1,623 cases attended to. And all this is done with tenderness and consideration, even to the undeserving, for, in the words of a gentle and valuable lady member of the board, "All abrupt change of plan is to be avoided; the poor have been taught by us to look for relief, and it cannot be stopped all at once."

Here we must cut short our account of this society without touching on many a point on which the single-eyed scrutiny of the committees remains to be judged by its results. We have said that many clergymen are zealously enlisted and peculiarly fitted to assist in the movement; still, generally speaking, the clergy are inclined to look upon the novel action of this society with mistrust, as interfering with their work and calculated to check the impulses of the benevolent. We would venture to remind them that this is rather a change in directing than a check in purpose, and that as there is an interconvertibility in the forces of heat and motion, so there is the same in those forces by which the good of our fellow-creatures is effected. Time necessitates reforms in the machinery of charity, no less than in everything else. What was thought some fifty years ago to be an admirable step in the science of well-doing—the appointment, namely, of lady district visitors—has become, as is proved by the state of our population, utterly inadequate to meet the imposture and pauperism that has obtained. We have said little to the purpose if it be not apparent that, under present circumstances, the administration of charity requires, as Sir Arthur Helps has said, "the sternest labor and the most anxious thought." What we want, therefore, is not less help, but more, only that in a different form. Long arrears have to be made good, and an army of poor creatures who have been carefully, or carelessly, educated in a false direction, have to be gradually brought over to a happier path. Little less, it is true, than an army of the good, the wise, and the brave, are needed for such a revolution; but the campaign has begun, and with the names of Edward Denison, Octavia Hill, and other blessed men and women, on the banners, there is no need to despair of recruits.

From Good Words.  
WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

ASKED TO COME AND HEAR OF SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE.

THREE days after Lady Lewis's birthday Pleasance was about to enter her own door, returning from the cathedral—the coolest place in the town that hot July—when she was nearly run over by a stout, middle-aged man, rushing along in extreme agitation. He hardly stopped to beg her pardon before he told her in the same breath, "It is you that I want, Mrs. Douglas. Madam, I beg you to come with me instantly, to learn something which you ought to have known long ago. I can say no more at present; but, if I am not very much mistaken, it is worth your while to accompany me, and you will find it greatly to your advantage."

The man delivered his communication in a series of excited gasps, at the same time his manner, though extremely flurried, was not bullying or threatening.

Pleasance listened in amazement, looked at the stout man's spotless linen, good broadcloth, and general unobtrusive evidence of respectability.

Pleasance could not set down her accoster as an impostor, though his sanity might be a matter of dispute. "I think there is some mistake," she suggested.

"Oh no, not at all," he said. "You are Mrs. Douglas, of Willow House. I have seen you pass frequently. I am Thomas Mott, of the firm of Mott and Son, Water Street." He took off his hat as a necessary step to the communication, but replaced it with such carelessness, in his hurry, that he put the back of his hat with the joining of the hat-band in front, so as to lend the most incongruously rakish touch to his appearance. "When I have stated that I am the member of a legal firm, need I say any more in the public street?"

In the midst of the stoutness and professional pomposity, Pleasance detected a reflection of Miss Mott, lean, dark, and with a shade of obsequiousness in her speech and bearing, which warranted the speaker's announcement so far as the name went. Pleasance still held that there was an error, since she could not imagine the Motts a medium of communication between her and Archie Douglas—indeed, Mr. Mott, in the few words of

his address, had referred pointedly to something she should have known "long ago," thus putting Archie Douglas out of count. But she settled to accompany the man to his office, as the easiest means of coming to an explanation.

Mr. Thomas Mott said no more, except in muttered reflections of "the strangest circumstance," "terribly awkward," "no blame could attach"—in the disjointed style of his cousin. Happily the distance was not great from the cathedral to Water Street, the old-fashioned side street in which the place of business and the house of the firm—once the chief attorneys of Stone Cross—were situated, otherwise Pleasance's patience and curiosity might not have held out.

Her coming was expected, and the door was opened before Mr. Thomas Mott could apply his latch-key—not by a junior clerk, but by one of the Miss Motts, who were so like each other that Pleasance judged it was her acquaintance of Lady Lewis's birthday, and was going to greet her accordingly. But this Miss Mott—in a calicot morning gown, with a tiny Dolly Varden cap, perched by way of head-dress on the extreme verge of the scanty locks, and far above the scraggy neck, leaving the lantern-jaws exposed—said that her elder sister was with her dear father. However, she could not wait for an introduction, before she stepped forward to say for everybody, and especially for dear father, who was no longer able to speak for himself—else, indeed, this would never have happened—how sorry, how shocked they were—so terrible an overlook, and never to be detected till that day; she had not been able to think or speak or do a single thing since cousin Thomas turned out the paper—from poor Richard's hairy trunk, too, of all places; and she was still in her worst morning gown—she had not been fit to see about making a change, so that Mrs. Douglas must be so good as to excuse her.

"But I do not at all know what you mean. I think you must be laboring under some strange delusion," represented Pleasance, as she was taken into the Miss Motts' drawing-room. This was a little apartment furnished in a flimsy style, and cumbered at the present moment with a quota of tin boxes and other receptacles for papers that seemed to have been the centre of a recent investigation.

Amongst these insignia of his old profession reclined Mr. Mott, unaffected by the evident confusion and consternation

reigning around him — nay, with something like a complacent smile flickering over the dead stillness of his face.

Mr. Mott's elder daughter was fussing about him, but broke away to receive Pleasance — "So kind, so noble of you to come, Mrs. Douglas. Our poor room is in a bad state for the reception of a visitor; but that is not to be thought of for a moment; grieved — shocked, indeed, at what has occurred, utterly unlike our dear father — but we have sent to tell you the very first thing, and surely something can be done to set matters right, as I said to my cousin Thomas."

"Leave it to me, cousin Sophy. Don't say another word, cousin Becky. Pray sit down, madam, interposed cousin Thomas, preparing to enter upon the business in a business-like fashion. "Will you answer me some questions, if you have no objection?"

"I have no objection," said Pleasance; "but I should like to know what it is all about," and she could hardly forbear smiling, though she saw that the Miss Motts, and even Mr. Thomas, were in excited earnest.

"All in good time" — Mr. Thomas Mott waved his hand emphatically — "and all in your favor, my good — lady" — woman he had been going to say, showing the ordinary line of clients with whom Mr. Thomas Mott dealt, but he corrected himself before it was too late. "Was your maiden name Pleasance Hatton? as Miss Mott is of opinion she heard you say it was at Bridge House on Lady Lewis's birthday."

"My maiden name was Pleasance Hatton, as Miss Mott heard me say," confirmed Pleasance.

"Good," said Mr. Thomas Mott, crossing his legs and clasping his hands.

"Can you tell me your mother's name?"

"Pleasance Fowler."

"Exactly. Now are you prepared to say that your father was a brother of Mrs. Wyndham's, of Gable House, here, and of Sefton Hall in Warwickshire — a son of Guy Hatton, of Redmead, and Heron Hill, in Warwick and Staffordshire?"

"I should not have said it, if you had not put it to me," said Pleasance, beginning to wonder and even tremble a little; "but I am aware that Mrs. Wyndham is my aunt, though the relationship has been hardly acknowledged, and she does not know me to be her niece. For Redmead and Heron Hill, I believe I have heard the names, but I can say nothing of them, for my father died at New Orleans, when I was

thirteen years of age; besides, I had been parted from him since my mother died, when I — a mere child then — was sent to school with my sister."

"With your sister Anne Hatton," said Mr. Thomas Mott, rubbing his upper lip.

"How do you know about my sister Anne and me?" demanded Pleasance, unable to contain herself any longer; "what is your motive for collecting all this old information which has no interest in the world save for me?"

"I am ready to answer you, Mrs. Douglas, and to give you the explanation to which you are entitled," said Mr. Thomas Mott with something of the simple dignity which may come to a perfectly honest, even though a vulgar and stupid, man on a trying emergency. "And I do not even ask you to judge my uncle Richard's lamentable lapse of memory with candor and forbearance. Happily the heavy injury of which he has been the innocent cause, is not, I trust, in your case irremediable. But it is the saddest proof that I have yet had of his shattered mental condition — not that he could have been guilty of so tremendous an act of forgetfulness, but that on his obliviousness being brought to light — by his own instrumentality we must own — he should sit and smile like a child, or an idiot over the turning up of the deed, in place of showing himself overwhelmed with shame at the wrong done, and at the stain which may be cast on his professional character."

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas is too good, too kind, she would never blame dear father for his misfortune following on our poor brother Richard's death — so hard and cruel even to suppose — you cannot mean it, cousin Thomas," chimed in the two Miss Motts in a chorus.

"You forget," implored Pleasance, feeling as if she were becoming stifled by the mystery which was closing in round her, and which she could not penetrate, "you have not told me a single word."

"A very few words will suffice to lay before you a great injury of which, I grieve to say, madam, you have been one of the victims," said Mr. Thomas Mott. "My uncle, Mr. Richard Mott, must have been summoned to Warwickshire twenty years ago last April." He paused, while his listeners hung breathless on his words, to unlock a box on the floor, with a key which he took from his pocket, and to draw out a legal paper and examine the date. "The 22nd of April, I see by the deed, to re-write and add some codicils to

the will of your grandfather, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Hatton of Redmead. I can even give, if it be desired, the probable reason for Mr. Hatton's not employing his own agent, but an attorney from a distance, with whom he had a little business connection, in reference to his daughter's settlement, when she married Mr. Wyndham, of Sefton Hall, of which Gable House is the dowager house, since my uncle had always acted for the Gable House property. Old Mr. Hatton must have had residing with him then, his younger son, Frederick, who confided to his father—as I find by the deed which was thus executed—that he had married some time before, without the knowledge of any of his family, a young woman named Pleasance Fowler, and had become by her the father of two daughters Anne and Pleasance, for whom he naturally desired that a due provision should be made by his father. In complying with his son's request, Mr. Hatton, I conclude, was desirous of keeping the settlement secret, and of anticipating the remotest chance by which it might come to the ears of the other members of his family and provoke their remonstrances. My uncle Richard Mott must have executed the deed, seen it signed, and taken it in charge. But I suspect that Mr. Frederick Hatton—your father, madam—had not been aware of more than might have been inferred from his father—doubtless justly offended by the communication made to him—allowing a promise to be drawn from him to do something for the children—if Mr. Frederick understood so much. For I cannot think that on the death of Mr. Hatton any close search had been made for a recent deed, or that any great expectation had been entertained that such a deed existed. In the mean time my cousin Richard met his death by accidental drowning, and my uncle, who was very fond of Richard—caring more for him than for the whole of the others put together, in fact—was so painfully affected by the loss of his only son, coming upon him suddenly, that he was reduced within a few weeks from being an uncommonly shrewd, hale old man, to the state of second childhood in which you see him. You are a witness to the fact that a man may discuss the most momentous transactions nearly concerning Mr. Mott's honor and prosperity before his face, and even if the words reach him through his deaf ears, he will pay no more heed to them than to the idlest tale with which he has not the slightest concern."

"What are you saying of me, nephew Tom?" growled the old man, all at once, with the most startling contradictory effect. "You have found the paper with the name in it—that should be seen to, as I said to you; but you would not believe me." He ended with an unearthly chuckle that brought on a wheezy cough, which sent both the Miss Motts off in search of his liquorice.

"Ay, there it is!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Mott in an accent of exasperation. "He potted about and made the most awful mess among his papers, after he was quite unfit to see to them, but while he was still able to walk into his private room, and sit an hour or two at his desk, and before the family could be brought to comprehend that all business was at an end for him. If he had died outright, at the time of his son's death—if I may say so, before the poor old fellow too," remarked Mr. Thomas Mott, divided between desperation at the consequences of his uncle's prolonged life, and remorse for his own reflection on the same, "it would have saved a great deal of trouble, and all this worry, and been no great loss to himself or any body; but Providence don't seem to take those things into consideration."

"Oh, cousin Thomas!" cried the two Miss Motts in simultaneous horror, "how can you?—so dreadfully hard-hearted and profane—so unlike you."

Cousin Thomas only shook his head and proceeded with his complaint. "Indeed he will muddle by fits and starts still, and harp on this security that has gone to the dogs half a lifetime ago, and that annuity that has lapsed this quarter of a century—enough to drive a man of the present day mad," protested Mr. Thomas Mott, ruffling up his already stubbly hair.

"Oh, cousin Thomas!" again exclaimed the two daughters, this time in undertones of deepest reproach and of hurt feelings, taking out pocket-handkerchiefs and applying them to their eyes, while they wagged the Dolly Varden caps on the extreme crowns of their long heads, "when dear father tries his best, and is quite bright sometimes."

"I cannot help it, Sophy and Becky," maintained cousin Thomas stoutly; "the truth must be spoken, in justice to everybody—your father included. I have done what I could from the first to put and keep what is left of the business in order; but of course I could not overlook and amend every blunder. I had no more notion, when he kept hammering for the last day



or two on a paper which concerned two minors — and one Pleasance — that there was anything in it, save some old story which has been shelved these score of years, than that I should live to be the lord-mayor of London or the governor-general of India. It was more for peace and quietness than anything else that I agreed to make a search this morning, and when I was turning over boxes that I had rummaged a hundred times before, in the middle of my investigation he roared out, 'You blockhead!' — I was reared in his office, besides being a near relation, which warranted him in taking liberties — 'why don't you look in the hairy trunk?' 'Why, sir, that was cousin Richard's college trunk; you forget,' I said mildly; 'that was never a place for papers, like the office-boxes.' But, 'Look in the hairy trunk,' he held on, and I thought he would have a fit if he were contradicted. So we had in the hairy trunk, Becky and I lugging it between us, down from the garret — where it had lain since shortly after Richard's death. When I opened it, what should I find but a whole lot of papers, that my poor uncle, in the maze into which he had fallen after his great sorrow between his grief for Richard, with his dwelling on every relic that belonged to his son, and his desperate attempts to resume the care of his business, had stuffed into Richard's trunk? I turned the papers over with fear and trembling, my uncle laughing at the sight, in a way to make the blood run cold, all things considered, as he did just now. Among the very first that I came to, what should I read, to my horror, but a will — the will of your grandfather, Mr. Hatton of Redmead, made so shortly before his death, that there is every presumption it was his last will, in which, after the disposal of Redmead, according to the will which was proved and acted upon, and by which the property went soon afterwards, in consequence of other deaths in the family, to his daughter, Mrs. Wyndham, there was an entire reservation and alteration of bequest with regard to his small property of Heron Hill? It was set aside for the benefit of his granddaughters, Anne and Pleasance Hatton, daughters of his son Frederick Hatton, by his marriage with Pleasance Fowler, which Frederick Hatton had owned and certified to his father, so as to cause him to reconsider and rewrite his will."

Pleasance interrupted the deliberate, prolix narrative at last. "My sister Anne and I were acknowledged and provided

for, from the first," she said, drawing a long breath.

"Undoubtedly, and the provision which was under the joint guardianship of my uncle, Mr. Richard Mott, and your father, Mr. Frederick Hatton, until the legatees came of age, was a fair provision for the granddaughters by a younger son, of a squire like Mr. Hatton. Heron Hill, which I have often heard discussed in relation to Mrs. Wyndham, of the Gable House, was a very inconsiderable place in comparison with Redmead, but its value was about eight thousand pounds."

"Then all might have been saved, Anne and all," said Pleasance, scarcely knowing what she said, as she sat thunderstruck, and gazed at the recumbent, stranded author of her misfortunes.

"Stay, madam," cried Mr. Thomas Mott, excited and turgid as ever in his excitement and long-windedness, "there is more to be told, unless, indeed, you are already familiar with the particulars, and apprehend what is to follow." Pleasance shook her head. "Why, Mrs. Douglas, it is on Heron Hill that the last great discovery of Staffordshire coal and ironstone has been made, which has trebled the Wyndhams' income. In fact, as both Mr. Wyndham and his son have been sporting men, and have contrived to dip Sefton Hall deeply, and even their interest in Mrs. Wyndham's property of Redmead, pretty considerably, the Heron Hill rental is now the mainstay of the family's affluence and consideration."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Pleasance, mechanically; and then she roused herself by a great effort. "What have you done farther, sir?" she asked gravely. "Have you communicated with Mrs. Wyndham and her son, or with their lawyers?"

"No, I have not taken that step," said Mr. Thomas Mott, a little stiffly. "Mrs. Wyndham, or her advisers, have withdrawn the Gable House property from our charge within the last ten years. They have done me the despite in the eyes of my townsmen of not regarding me as qualified to discharge the smallest part of my uncle's once numerous obligations; our firm has nothing to do now either with Mrs. Wyndham or her son." And for the first time Pleasance thought she detected a shade of gratified malice in Mr. Thomas Mott's manner.

"The more reason that you should communicate with them without delay," she said, a little sharply, with a passing pang at the suspicion that Mr. Mott was only



exhibiting a tithe of the ugly feelings she might be expected to entertain, and with which, for aught she knew, her own heart might swell to bursting before she had done with the lifelong injury and the late retribution she could not yet realize.

"I shall retain the will for my own sake and my uncle's, till I can deliver over the trust to a competent authority," said Mr. Thomas Mott, a little doggedly. "My imparting the painful discovery to you, one of the two persons principally concerned, and my perfect willingness to come forward and state all the trying circumstances, ought to clear me and Mr. Richard Mott from all suspicion of malice, not to say collusion."

"I am sure there will be no suspicion," said Pleasance, much more gently; "how can there be? Who was to be benefited by such silent years of treachery? But, write to Mrs. Wyndham's lawyers, Mr. Mott. I shall write to Mr. Woodcock. I think he will not refuse to look into the business for me; perhaps it may turn out to be nothing—I mean of no avail, after all these years. I am like most women, ignorant of law, but the lawyers will decide for me." She rose and stood for a moment looking steadfastly at the wreck of the old lawyer, who, in simple obliviousness, had done her so much wrong. "You do not know me, or why it should concern you to know me," she said, with a faint smile, "and it is well I have not even to say that I forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. No, no, I am not angry, Miss Mott, how could I be? No one could help it; it is 'by the will of God,' as people say of accidental deaths; but I must go home and think over it all."

#### CHAPTER LI.

HOW A MAD YOUNG FELLOW LIKE ARCHIE DOUGLAS CONTRIVED TO UNDO THE BEST JOB HE HAD EVER DONE IN HIS LIFE.

MR. WOODCOCK had been informed of the extraordinary coming to light of what proved Mr. Hatton of Redmead's last will. Mr. Woodcock had satisfied himself of the perfect genuineness and legal correctness of the will. He had farther established the fact beyond doubt, that Mrs. Douglas was the sole surviving granddaughter of Mr. Hatton indicated in the will. There were still legal inquiries and forms to be gone through, and probably some compromise to be effected, between the incredulous, indignant Wyndhams and the heiress of Heron Hill, which

had become a land of Ophir, but there did not remain the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Woodcock's mind of what the result would be.

Mr. Woodcock declined to say that he was altogether surprised. "I saw from the first that she was something out of the common—as different from an ordinary country lass as a diamond from a bit of glass. I always suspected that there was a wheel within a wheel. I should not have wondered any day, though she had been announced a countess in disguise, a peasant countess like the peasant Lord Clifford of the Middle Ages."

Certainly the young squire of Shardleigh did not need an heiress to patch up his shattered inheritance, like many a broken-down young squire of ancient stock; but what wise man would despise a large accession of riches, honorably come by, which might indeed, had all things gone well, been looked upon as the due reward of his having had the taste to appreciate the choice flower blushing unseen and unsuspected among rude surroundings?

There was an estate likely to come into the market, in the neighborhood of Shardleigh, the purchase of which Mr. Woodcock had always looked forward to, as all that was wanted to make Shardleigh the finest property in that part of the country. But then the purchase was so extensive that to make it would cripple even the late Mr. Douglas's heir for ready money in the future, and if Archie went on with his schemes, at the rate he had begun, it would not be a moderate sum at his banker's which would suffice him.

And Archie had actually held the prize within his grasp, had shown that he possessed the discrimination to detect a jewel in the grass, yet the end of it all was, that he had, by some intolerable fickleness or captiousness, flung away his prize, and lost it forever. Mr. Woodcock could not flatter himself that this enlightenment, with regard to Mrs. Archie's antecedents, and what she was entitled to in the matter of fortune, would serve as a powerful aid to a reconciliation.

Mrs. Douglas had taken advantage of Brighton's not being in season to carry her daughter there, to have ten days' benefit from the sea breezes, while Archie, who had escaped shipwreck on Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen, was gone to his Scotch moor, and before Shardleigh and other country houses began to fill in anticipation of September.

Mr. Woodcock, on inquiry at the house in Grosvenor Place, heard that Mrs.

Douglas was not at Shardleigh, for which he had been bound; and, boiling over with sympathetic indignation, tending to personal savageness, as he was at the time, he immediately discovered that after fagging at his chambers since early spring, nothing would set him up like the glare, dust, and unaristocratic turmoil of Brighton in August.

He had no sooner arrived than he made his way from the Bedford Hotel, where he had established himself, to the private hotel in Brunswick Square where the Douglasses had their rooms. But he had not to go far to meet his friend, for as he took his way along the parade, threading the motley multitude of promenaders, among whom elderly gentlemen, suffering from a prolonged course of clubs, and a pronounced preference for port, formed no insignificant feature, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Douglas in her carriage, going the usual length of the King's Road. Jane had begged off from the drive, and was away with her maid, reading under an artist's umbrella on the shingle of the beach.

Mrs. Douglas discovered him as soon as he saw her, pulled the check-string, and with the most winning expressions of pleasure at encountering her friend, asked him to join her.

The opportunity was excellent, and Mr. Woodcock had no compunction for the manner in which he proposed to spoil sun, sky, and sea, to the gentle lady beside him.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Woodcock," repeated Mrs. Douglas, after the carriage had gone on with its double freight. "I hope only recreation has brought you down. Brighton is refreshing to a poor semi-invalid like me, even when it swarms with complete invalids, or with nobody knows whom."

"I cannot say that I came for my own solace entirely. I had some news which I thought I might as well bring you," said Mr. Woodcock, blunt as he was wont to be to Archie's mother.

"Thanks, thanks. Anything about my son?" inquired Mrs. Douglas quickly, smiling still, but unable to keep out of her liquid dark eyes the anxiety which had been lurking in them ever since Archie went abroad with her a changed man, last autumn. The announcement of his marriage, with the arrangement of a separate maintenance for his wife, ought to have constituted a crisis; but it brought no relief, for Archie had been still more un-

like himself, and more restless and unmanageable, after the crisis.

"Nothing bad, in the first instance," said Mr. Woodcock, touching his hat slightly to an acquaintance in a passing carriage, "and it does not concern Archie directly, it has to do with his wife."

"Oh! that poor, mistaken, out-of-place young woman; she is quite a weight on my mind," said Mrs. Douglas, with a sigh, while she was rapidly resolving that nothing need be said — she would warn Jane to that effect — even to the family friend, of her daughter's girlish adventure with her unacknowledged sister-in-law. "What has happened to her now? I hope she has got into no fresh scrape!"

"That has happened to her which none of us would object to having occur to ourselves," said Mr. Woodcock, with a little grimness in his humor; "her last scrape is only too enviable in this peedy age. She has succeeded to a large fortune."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, raising herself up from her graceful, lounging attitude, and staring at the handsome, acute, elderly face in its setting of white hair, opposite her, as if Mr. Woodcock must have gone out of his senses — "a girl of the people, a working-girl — pardon me, but it cannot be."

"She may have been a working-girl, but she turns out no more of a girl of the people than Archie's sister is, if you will forgive the comparison. Mrs. Archie Douglas's mother was a yeoman's daughter, but her father was Fred Hatton, younger son of old Hatton of Redmead, and brother to Mrs. Wyndham."

"How could it be? Why were we never told so? I knew all the Hattons long ago," cried Mrs. Douglas, her eyes sparkling with curiosity and eagerness, her wonderfully youthful animation and sympathy as at times, coming out in full force.

"You may ask that of your son, or, better, of his wife. I suppose Fred Hatton, of whom I knew something also, and who was a dreamy, shilly-shally fellow, at the best, had not treated his humbly-born wife and unacknowledged children so well, that they should make it the business of their lives to recollect him, and boast of the relationship."

"I assure you Fred Hatton was not half a bad fellow, he was a great deal nicer than his elder brother. He was more womanly than many perhaps — unquestionably more womanly than his surviving sister, that red and white *beauté de diable*,

Mrs. Wyndham, or that incarnation of mischief, her daughter Rica."

"Then I have been misinformed that you looked not unfavorably on a probable match between Archie and Miss Wyndham," said Mr. Woodcock, dryly. "I remember she was staying with you last spring when his marriage came out. I fancied that she and Miss Douglas had been friends. There was some tattle of a nearer connection among your acquaintances."

"My dear sir, what would you have?" said Mrs. Douglas, with impatient energy that was in marked opposition to her usual caressing suavity. "People will talk, whether they have occasion or not. How could there be anything in such a report, when as it turned out the poor boy had been married for six months? But what could I do? The Wyndhams were old acquaintances, I was bound to be civil to them, and Rica Wyndham would not have been a bad match, in a worldly point of view, for Archie, with regard to whom I seemed to have a presentiment that he would throw himself away, in making a mad marriage. As for Jane, she detests Rica more than I think it right for a girl to dislike any companion. But we are wandering from the point, except, indeed, that the young Wyndhams and this young lady, Archie's wife, must be cousins. That does make a difference; you are sure that her father was married to her mother? It is an odious question, but it is best to start by being certain, and so obviating horrible mistakes."

"There is no mistake here, Mrs. Douglas," Mr. Woodcock assured her.

"And pray where do her riches come from? I have always been led to believe that Fred Hutton ran through his patrimony."

"From her grandfather's last will and testament, madam, made after Fred told him of the marriage, and which has been lying *perdu* ever since, in the repositories of a doting old idiot of a lawyer, who ought to be flayed alive, only his skin must be parchment already at this date. That will secure to Mrs. Archie Douglas and an only sister, who died young, the succession to Heron Hill, on which the great fields of coal and ironstone have since been found."

"Good heavens! these are what supply the gaps in the Wyndham estates," exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, excitedly; "then she steps into the chief source of their remaining wealth, and becomes rich by their impoverishment."

"Quite so, I am afraid. If justice be done, the last result cannot be helped. But the Wyndhams will still be far from paupers. If Tom Wyndham choose to pull up and put out Sefton Hall with his mother's place of Redmead, which he has been plundering, to nurse, for the next half-dozen of years, he may do very well yet."

Mrs. Douglas was silent, thinking. A hectic brightness was in the olive of her cheek, her mobile mouth was compressed. "I am very, very glad to hear it," she broke out suddenly, holding out her two little gloved hands ecstatically to Mr. Woodcock. "Why, Mr. Woodcock, it is quite a romance; Mrs. Archie Douglas will be the heroine of the day; there is nothing that she may not do. I was always romantic myself, it is from me that dear Archie takes his romance; and do you know that your friend Jane, whom we always thought such a good, sensible, prosaic girl, has been bitten in her turn? I did not mean to tell tales, but she has made Archie's wife's acquaintance in the most wilful, unconventional manner. Yes, she has, Mr. Woodcock. It seems she could not rest till she knew more of her sister-in-law, and had tried what she could do, like a loving young soul, to set the little differences right. She stole a march upon me, when I was in Wales, and she was with the Russells of the Moat. She went with them to Stone Cross, and there she managed it all. Of course I could forgive anything in such a cause; and I may add that Jane came back perfectly captivated with the beauty and natural graces of my daughter-in-law, as indeed you announced yourself from the first."

"I hope the captivation was mutual," said Mr. Woodcock, dubiously. "I have some confidence in Jane, but if she has been able to accomplish a marvel of reconciliation by the youthful audacity of putting her fingers in so delicate a pie, I shall be surprised."

"It is a very delicate affair, as you say," reflected Mrs. Douglas, evasively. "I believe Mrs. Archie is very shy, and that it will require the greatest pains to draw her out, but with the strongest motive, surely, it can be done. This strange, unhappy misunderstanding must be dissipated, and cease to cloud two young lives, otherwise so well endowed and so full of promise. Is Archie aware of the change in his wife's fortune?"

"Not so far as I know—not through me."

"But you intend that it should be com-

municated to him immediately?" said Mrs. Douglas, with a little involuntary accent of wonder.

"Of course I have neither the power nor the right, if I had the will, to keep to myself information which the newspapers—if they are not anticipated—are sure to convey to your son; only I suspect its influence may be different from what you count upon."

"You do not mean that our boy, that Archie—the most generous, kind-hearted fellow in the world—will not rejoice at any good fortune which has come to his wife, however she may have offended him? Oh, Mr. Woodcock, I think that you are wrong there," said Mrs. Douglas, making great eyes, and speaking reproachfully.

"That was hardly my meaning," said Mr. Woodcock, smiling a little coolly, and not choosing to explain himself farther.

"And you will convey the good news to Archie yourself without fail, and at once," said Mrs. Douglas, persuasively. "It is not fair that he should not know it already—of course I would be only too happy to write or tell it to him, but you know I have been always scrupulous of interfering with business matters where my son is concerned, believing that the relation between us should have another foundation and another expression. Of course Archie's best interests were my first concern, but after them, I have desired that he should love me with all his heart, as he loved me when he was a child, and my pet and darling; I have wished that he should have no association of contradiction and restraint—nothing but pleasant memories connected with his mother. Can you blame me?"

"I do not presume to blame when I am not a mother, and have only had a father's unvarnished part to play."

"Do not say that. And a man, especially a young man, will take freely from his father, or his father's friend—in short from a fellow-man—what he will not tolerate, or at least will be sure to recall with a grudge if it has been authority openly exercised and insisted upon by a poor mother. Now I cannot tell how Archie will feel, where he himself is concerned, about this inheritance of his wife's, though he can only experience satisfaction on her account. He has always been odd in some things, in his goodness and cleverness, and I am afraid he grows more uncertain and impracticable every day. He might resent my intrusion into his affairs, though it were to bring him this news of his wife's succession; he might construe

it into arrogating a title to meddle and advise, which would be more invidious than ever, now that he is his own master. But none of these objections hold good with you, who are Archie's appointed legal adviser, as well as one of his oldest friends. He will always be delighted to receive and listen to you; he will not mind your recounting and dwelling as a man of business on so extraordinary a piece of good fortune. Dear Mr. Woodcock, you must go north immediately, see Archie, and tell him what so nearly concerns him."

"I do not decline to comply with your request, my dear Mrs. Douglas; indeed I had already meditated a run north; and I do not wish to fling cold water on your amiable fancies—facts may they prove, with all my heart; but there are two ways of regarding things. Permit me simply to state that I am by no means certain my friend Archie will accord to me and my news the ready and entire welcome that you anticipate. I have a fear that our meeting, if accompanied by remonstrances or entreaties on my part, will prove stormy rather than sunshiny. More than that, I am not convinced, in my own mind, that the news which I am to carry are really such good news for Archie—not to say his wife—as you, in your partiality, hold."

"Don't be a prophet of evil," she entreated him; "let me think all will be well, and that this splendid piece of good fortune will not be wasted."

He did not know whether to admire or to be affronted by the ease and rapidity with which she had got over the shock of the announcement. Nay, with her large share of the versatility of women, she had so accommodated herself to it, on the spur of the moment, that her whole views and intentions had undergone a transformation within the compass of a short drive.

The blazing sun of Brighton had not sunk perceptibly so as to lengthen the acceptable afternoon shadows. The hot multitude clung still to their refuge on or under the pier, and sought to temper the fierce heat with what moist, salt-flavored air was stirring. In despair of other shade, people resorted to the ascending squares and steep side streets—given over to lodging-houses or to a thriving trade in luxurious edibles and fast and fashionable attire—and after passing the faded toy grounds of the old Steyne, arrived at the green oasis of a modern croquet-ground, among the mature trees and bushes encircling the grotesque hideous barbarism of the Pavilion. The various brass bands continued to clash and clang,

as if the individual men were so many crickets and salamanders, to which warmth was a natural element. The fishermen and fishwomen who shouted soles and screamed "red mullet and mackerel all alive—o," were pursuing the even tenor of their way. The girls who ought to have been at Cowes or Ryde in their blue yachting-dresses—the more amphibious girls in the Galatea stripes and brown Hollands—the full-blown and bouncing, the lean and stiff matrons and maidens—the jaunty old, the lounging young men, strolled on the parade or occupied the benches. The invalids jogged along in unbroken file, and looked with wistful, dazed eyes at their better-faring fellows. The carriages of high and low degree, from coroneted coach to ramshackle cab, with the occupants of the last more elevated in spirits than the first, rolled and rattled along. The riding parties of school-girls and riding masters, fathers and daughters, brothers, sisters, friends and lovers, and idle young men, ambled and cantered, trotted and galloped in spite of the heat, and clattered generally the same as ever.

Jane had been too lazy to do more than turn a page of her book, and to wonder if her mother were returning, and whether afternoon tea could be refreshing in such weather, when her mother had heard tidings which caused her to forget five-o'clock tea, dressing, dinner, even the expediency or necessity of asking Mr. Woodcock to join the little party. For Mrs. Douglas's mind had sustained an upheaval and overthrow on the most important interest of her life. She had recovered her balance and taken her cue with admirable if astounding celerity. But all the same her altered sentiments must pervade and affect her own and her daughter's future comfort and happiness, and assist in coloring the remainder of their lives.

Mrs. Douglas's quick brain and lively imagination were already full of schemes and projects, hopes and expectations. To marshal and conduct these, with pliant deference and subtle sweetness, would be sufficient to occupy and engross even so well-armed and accomplished an actress on the world's stage, for many days.

From Fraser's Magazine.

# THE RINGS OF SATURN.

(RECENT DISCOVERIES.)

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE rings of Saturn, always among the most interesting objects of astronomical research, have recently been subjected to close scrutiny under high telescopic powers by Mr. Trouvelot, of the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, U.S. The results which he has obtained afford very significant evidence respecting these strange appendages, and even throw some degree of light on the subject of cosmical evolution. The present time, when Saturn is the ruling planet of the night, seems favorable for giving a brief account of recent speculations respecting the Saturnian ring-system, especially as the observations of Mr. Trouvelot appear to remove all doubt as to the true nature of the rings, if indeed any doubt could reasonably be entertained after the investigations made by European and American astronomers when the dark inner ring had but recently been discovered.

It may be well to give a brief account of the progress of observation from the time when the rings were first discovered.

In passing, I may remark that the failure of Galileo to ascertain the real shape of these appendages has always seemed to me to afford striking evidence of the importance of careful reasoning upon all observations whose actual significance is not at once apparent. If Galileo had been thus careful to analyze his observations of Saturn, he could not have failed to ascertain their real meaning. He had seen the planet apparently attended by two large satellites, one on either side, "as though supporting the aged Saturn upon his slow course around the sun." Night after night he had seen these attendants, always similarly placed, one on either side of the planet, and at equal distances from it. Then in 1612 he had again examined the planet, and lo, the attendants had vanished, "as though Saturn had been at his old tricks, and had devoured his children." But after awhile the attendant orbs had reappeared in their former positions, had seemed slowly to grow larger, until at length they had presented the appearance of two pairs of mighty arms encompassing the planet. If Galileo had reasoned upon these changes of appearance, he could not have failed, as it seems to me, to interpret their true meaning. The three forms under which the rings had been seen by him sufficed to



indicate the true shape of the appendage. Because Saturn was seen with two attendants of apparently equal size and always equidistant from him, it was certain that there must be some appendage surrounding him, and extending to that distance from his globe. Because this appendage disappeared, it was certain that it must be thin and flat. Because it appeared at another time with a dark space between the arms and the planet, it was certain that the appendage is separated by a wide gap from the body of the planet. So that Galileo might have concluded — not doubtfully, but with assured confidence — that the appendage is a thin, flat ring, nowhere attached to the planet, or, as Huyghens said some forty years later, Saturn "*annulo cingitur tenui, plano, nusquam coherente.*" Whether such reasoning would have been accepted by the contemporaries of Galileo may be doubtful. The generality of men are not content with reasoning which is logically sound, but require evidence which they can easily understand. Very likely Huyghens' proof from direct observation, though in reality not a whit more complete and far rougher, would have been regarded as the first true proof of the existence of Saturn's ring, just as Sir W. Herschel's observation of one star actually moving round another was regarded as the first true proof of the physical association of certain stars, a fact which Michell had proved as completely and far more neatly half a century earlier, by a method, however, which was "caviare to the general."

However, as matters chanced, the scientific world was not called upon to decide between the merits of a discovery made by direct observation and one effected by means of abstract reasoning. It was not until Saturn had been examined with much higher telescopic power than Galileo could employ, that the appendage which had so perplexed the Florentine astronomer was seen to be a thin flat ring, nowhere touching the planet, and considerably inclined to the plane in which Saturn travels. We cannot wonder that the discovery was regarded as a most interesting one. Astronomers had heretofore had to deal with solid masses, either known to be spheroidal, like the earth, the sun, the moon, Jupiter, and Venus, or presumed to be so, like the stars. The comets might be judged to be vaporous masses of various forms; but even these were supposed to surround or to attend upon globe-shaped nuclear masses. Here, however, in the case of Saturn's ring, was a quoit-shaped

body travelling around the sun in continual attendance upon Saturn, whose motions, no matter how they varied in velocity or direction, were so closely followed by this strange attendant that the planet remained always centrally poised within the span of the ring-girdle. To appreciate the interest with which this strange phenomenon was regarded, we must remember that as yet the law of gravity had not been recognized. Huyghens discovered the ring (or rather perceived its nature) in 1659, but it was not till 1666 that Newton first entertained the idea that the moon is retained in its orbit about the earth by the attractive energy which causes unsupported bodies to fall earthwards; and he was unable to demonstrate the law of gravity before 1684. Now, in a general sense, we can readily understand in these days how a ring around a planet continues to travel along with the planet despite all changes of velocity or direction of motion. For the law of gravity teaches that the same causes which tend to change the direction and velocity of the planet's motion tend in precisely the same degree to change the direction and velocity of the ring's motion. But when Huyghens made his discovery it must have appeared a most mysterious circumstance that a ring and planet should be thus constantly associated — that during thousands of years no collision should have occurred whereby the relatively delicate structure of the ring had been destroyed.

Only six years later a discovery was made by two English observers, William and Thomas Ball, which enhanced the mystery. Observing the northern face of the ring, which was at that time turned earthwards, they perceived a black stripe of considerable breadth dividing the ring into two concentric portions. The discovery did not attract so much attention as it deserved, inasmuch that when Cassini, ten years later, announced the discovery of a corresponding dark division on the southern surface, none recalled the observation made by the brothers Ball. Cassini expressed the opinion that the ring is really divided into two, not merely marked by a dark stripe on its southern face. This conclusion would, of course, have been an assured one, had the previous observation of a dark division on the northern face been remembered. With the knowledge which we now possess, indeed, the darkness of the seeming stripe would be sufficient evidence that there must be a real division there between the rings; for we know that no mere darkness



of the ring's substance could account for the apparent darkness of the stripe. It has been well remarked by Professor Tyndall, that if the moon's whole surface could be covered with black velvet she would yet appear white when seen on the dark background of the sky. And it may be doubted whether a circular strip of black velvet two thousand miles wide, placed where we see the dark division between the rings, would appear nearly so dark as that division. As we could only admit the possibility of some substance resembling our darker rocks occupying this position (for we know of nothing to justify the supposition that a substance as dark as lampblack or black velvet could be there), we are manifestly precluded from supposing that the dark space is other than a division between two distinct rings.

Yet Sir W. Herschel, in examining the rings of Saturn with his powerful telescopes, for a long time favored the theory that there is no real division. He called it the "broad black mark," and argued that it can neither indicate the existence of a zone of hills upon the ring, nor of a vast cavernous groove, for in either case it would present changes of appearance (according to the ring's changes of position) such as he was unable to detect. It was not until the year 1790, eleven years after his observations had commenced, that, perceiving a corresponding broad black mark upon the ring's southern face, Herschel expressed a "suspicion" that the ring is divided into two concentric portions by a circular gap nearly two thousand miles in width. He expressed at the same time, very strongly, his belief that this division was the only one in Saturn's ring-system.

A special interest attached at that time to the question whether the ring is divided or not, for Laplace had then recently published the results of his mathematical inquiry into the movements of such a ring as Saturn's, and, having *proved* that a single solid ring of such enormous width could not continue to move around the planet, had expressed the *opinion* that Saturn's ring consists in reality of many concentric rings, each turning, with its own proper rotation-rate, around the central planet. It is singular that Herschel, who, though not versed in the methods of the higher mathematics, had considerable native power as a mathematician, was unable to perceive the force of Laplace's reasoning. Indeed, this is one of those cases where clearness of perception rather than profundity of mathematical insight

was required. Laplace's equations of motion did not express all the relations involved, nor was it possible to judge from the results he deduced how far the stability of the Saturnian rings depended on the real structure of these appendages. One who was well acquainted with mechanical matters, and sufficiently versed in mathematics to understand how to estimate generally the forces acting upon the ring-system, could have perceived as readily the general conditions of the problem as the most profound mathematician. One may compare the case to the problem of determining whether the action of the moon in causing the tidal wave modifies in any manner the earth's motion of rotation. We know that as a mathematical question this is a very difficult one. The astronomer royal, for example, not long ago dealt with it analytically, and deduced the conclusion that there is no effect on the earth's rotation, presently, however, discovering by a lucky chance a term in the result which indicates an effect of that kind. But if we look at the matter in its mechanical aspect, we perceive at once, without any profound mathematical research, that the retardation so hard to detect mathematically must necessarily take place. As Sir E. Beckett says in his masterly work, "Astronomy without Mathematics," "the conclusion is as evident without mathematics as with them, when once it has been suggested." So when we consider the case of a wide flat ring surrounding a mighty planet like Saturn, we perceive that nothing could possibly save such a ring from destruction if it were really one solid structure.

To recognize this the more clearly, let us first notice the dimensions of the planet and rings.

We have in Saturn a globe about seventy thousand miles in mean diameter, an equatorial diameter being about seventy-three thousand miles, the polar diameter about sixty-six thousand miles. The attractive force of this mighty mass upon bodies placed on its surface is equal to about one-fifth more than terrestrial gravity if the body is near the pole of Saturn, and is almost exactly the same as terrestrial gravity if the body is at the planet's equator. Its action on the matter of the ring is, of course, very much less, because of the increased distance, but still a force is exerted on every part of the ring which is comparable with the familiar force of terrestrial gravity. The outer edge of the outer ring lies about eighty-three thousand five hundred miles from the planet's

centre, the inner edge of the inner ring (I speak throughout of the ring-system as known to Sir W. Herschel and Laplace) about fifty-four thousand five hundred miles from the centre, the breadth of the system of bright rings being about twenty-nine thousand miles; between the planet's equator and the inner edge of the innermost bright ring there intervenes a space of about twenty thousand miles. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the attraction of the planet on the substance of the ring's inner edge is less than gravity at Saturn's equator (or, which is almost exactly the same thing, is less than terrestrial gravity) in about the proportion of nine to twenty; or, still more roughly, the inner edge of Saturn's inner bright ring is drawn inwards by about half the force of gravity at the earth's surface. The outer edge is drawn towards Saturn by a force less than terrestrial gravity in the proportion of about three to sixteen—say roughly that the force thus exerted by Saturn on the matter of the outer edge of the ring-system is equivalent to about one-fifth of the force of gravity at the earth's surface.

It is clear, first, that if the ring-system did not rotate, the forces thus acting on the material of the rings would immediately break them into fragments, and, dragging these down to the planet's equator, would leave them scattered in heaps upon that portion of Saturn's surface. The ring would in fact be in that case like a mighty arch, each portion of which would be drawn towards Saturn's centre by its own weight. This weight would be enormous if Bessel's estimate of the mass of the ring-system be correct. He made the mass of the ring rather greater than the mass of the earth—an estimate which I believe to be greatly in excess of the truth. Probably the rings do not amount in mass to more than a fourth part of the earth's mass. But even that is enormous, and, subjected as is the material of the rings to forces varying from one half to a fifth of terrestrial gravity, the strains and pressures upon the various parts of the system would exceed thousands of times those which even the strongest material built up into their shape could resist. The system would no more be able to resist such strains and pressures than an arch of iron spanning the Atlantic would be able to sustain its own weight against the earth's attraction.

It would be necessary then that the ring-system should rotate around the planet. But it is clear that the proper rate of rotation for the outer portion would be very

different from the rate suited for the inner portion. In order that the inner portion should travel around Saturn entirely relieved of its weight, it should complete a revolution in about seven hours twenty-three minutes. The outer portion, however, should revolve in about thirteen hours fifty-eight minutes, or nearly fourteen hours. Thus the inner part should rotate in little more than half the time required by the outer part. The result would necessarily be that the ring-system would be affected by tremendous strains, which it would be quite unable to resist. The existence of the great division would manifestly go far to diminish the strains. It is easily shown that the rate of turning where the division is, would be once in about eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, not differing greatly from the mean between the rotation-periods for the outside and for the inside edges of the system. Even then, however, the strains would be hundreds of times greater than the material of the ring could resist. A mass comparable in weight to our earth compelled to rotate in (say) nine hours when it ought to rotate in eleven or in seven, would be subjected to strains exceeding many times the resistances which the cohesive power of its substance could afford. That would be the condition of the inner ring. And in like manner the outer ring, if it rotated in about twelve hours and three-quarters, would have its outer portions rotating too fast and its inner portions too slowly, because their proper periods would be fourteen hours and eleven hours and a half respectively. Nothing but the division of the ring into a number of narrow hoops could possibly save it from destruction through the internal strains and pressures to which its material would be subjected.

Even this complicated arrangement, however, would not save the ring-system. If we suppose a fine hoop to turn around a central attracting body as the rings of Saturn rotate around the planet, it may be shown that unless the hoop is so weighted that its centre of gravity is far from the planet, there will be no stability in the resulting motions; the hoop will before long be made to rotate eccentrically, and eventually be brought into destructive collision with the central planet.

It was here that Laplace left the problem. Nothing could have been more unsatisfactory than his result, though it was accepted for nearly half a century unquestioned. He had shown that a weighted fine hoop may possibly turn

around a central attracting mass without destructive changes of position, but he had not proved more than the bare possibility of this, while nothing in the appearance of Saturn's rings suggests that any such arrangement exists. Again, manifestly a multitude of narrow hoops, so combined as to form a broad flat system of rings, would be constantly in collision *inter se*. And then each one of them would be subjected to destructive strains. For though a fine uniform hoop set rotating at a proper rate around an attracting mass at its centre would be freed from all strains, the case is very different with a hoop so weighted as to have its centre of gravity greatly displaced. Laplace had saved the theoretical stability of the motions of a fine ring at the expense of the ring's power of resisting the strains to which it would be exposed. It seems incredible that such a result (expressed, too, very doubtfully by the distinguished mathematician who had obtained it) should have been accepted so long almost without question. There is nothing in nature in the remotest degree resembling the arrangement imagined by Laplace, which indeed appears on *à priori* grounds impossible. It was not claimed for it that it removed the original difficulties of the problem, while it introduced others fully as serious. So strong, however, is authority in the scientific world that none ventured to express any doubts except Sir W. Herschel, who simply denied that the two rings were divided into many, as Laplace's theory required. As time went on and the signs of many divisions were at times recognized, it was supposed that Laplace's reasoning had been justified, and, despite the utter impossibility of the arrangement he had suggested, that arrangement was ordinarily described as probably existing.

At length, however, a discovery was made which caused the whole question to be reopened.

On November 10, 1850, W. Bond, observing the planet with the telescope of the Harvard Observatory, perceived within the inner bright ring a feeble illumination which he was at a loss to understand. On the next night the faint light was better seen. On the 15th, Tuttle, who was observing with Bond, suggested the idea that the light within the inner bright ring was due to a dusky ring inside the system of bright rings. On November 25, Mr. Dawes in England perceived this dusky ring, and announced the discovery before the news had reached England that Bond had already seen the dark ring. The

credit of the discovery is usually shared between Bond and Dawes, though the usual rule in such matters would assign the discovery to Bond alone. It was found that the dark ring had already been seen at Rome so far back as 1828, and again by Galle at Berlin in May, 1838. The Roman observations were not satisfactory. Those by Galle, however, were sufficient to have established the fact of the ring's existence; indeed, in 1839 Galle measured the dark ring. But very little attention was attracted to this interesting discovery, inasmuch that when Bond and Dawes announced their observation of the dark ring in 1850, the news was received by astronomers with all the interest attaching to the detection of before unnoted phenomena.

It may be well to notice under what conditions the dark ring was detected in 1850. In September 1848 the ring had been turned edgewise towards the sun, and as rather more than seven years are occupied in the apparent gradual opening out of the ring from that edge view to its most open appearance (when the outline of the ringsystem is an ellipse whose lesser axis is nearly equal to half the greater), it will be seen that in November 1850 the rings were but slightly opened. Thus the recognition of the dark ring within the bright system was made under unfavorable conditions. For four preceding years—that is, from the year 1846—the rings had been as little or less opened; and again for several years preceding 1846, though the rings had been more open, the planet had been unfavorably placed for observation in northern latitudes, crossing the meridian at low altitudes. Still, in 1838 and 1839, when the rings were most open, although the planet was never seen under favorable conditions, the opening of the rings, then nearly at its greatest, made the recognition of the dark ring possible; and we have seen that Galle then made the discovery. When Bond rediscovered the dark ring, everything promised that before long the appendage would be visible with telescopes far inferior in power to the great Harvard refractor. Year after year the planet was becoming more favorably placed for observation, while all the time the rings were opening out. Accordingly it need not surprise us to learn that in 1853 the dark ring was seen with a telescope less than three inches and a half in aperture. Even so early as 1851, Mr. Hartnup, observing the planet with a telescope eight inches and a half in aperture, found that “the dark

ring could not be overlooked for an instant."

But while this increase in the distinctness of the dark ring was to be expected, from the mere fact that the ring was discovered under relatively unfavorable conditions, yet the fact that Saturn was thus found to have an appendage of a remarkable character, perfectly obvious even with moderate telescopic power, was manifestly most surprising. The planet had been studied for nearly two centuries with telescopes exceeding in power those with which the dark ring was now perceived. Some among these telescopes were not only of great power, but employed by observers of the utmost skill. The elder Herschel had for a quarter of a century studied Saturn with his great reflectors eighteen inches in aperture, and had at times turned on the planet his monstrous (though not mighty) four-foot mirror. Schröter had examined the dark space within the inner bright ring for the special purpose of determining whether the ring-system is really disconnected from the globe. He had used a mirror nineteen inches in aperture, and he had observed that the dark space seen on either side of Saturn inside the ring-system not only appeared dark, but actually darker than the surrounding sky. This was presumably (though not quite certainly) an effect of contrast only, the dark space being bounded all round by bright surfaces. If real, the phenomenon signified that whereas the space outside the ring, where the satellites of the planet travel, was occupied by some sort of cosmical dust, the space within the ring-system, was, as it were, swept and garnished, as though all the scattered matter which might otherwise have occupied that region had been either attracted to the body of the planet or to the rings.\* But manifestly the observation was entirely inconsistent with the supposition that there existed in Schröter's time a dark or dusky ring within the bright system. Again, the elder Struve made the most careful measurement of the whole of the ring-system in 1826, when the system was as well placed for observation as in 1856 (or, in other words, as well placed as it can possibly be); but though he used a telescope nine inches and a half in aperture, and though his attention was specially attracted to the inner edge of the

inner bright ring (*which seemed to him indistinct*), he did not detect the dark ring. Yet we have seen that in 1851, under much less favorable conditions, a less practised observer, using a telescope of less aperture, found that the dark ring could not be overlooked for an instant. It is manifest that all these considerations point to the conclusion that the dark ring is a new formation, or, at the least, that it has changed notably in condition during the present century.

I have hitherto only considered the appearance of the dusky ring as seen on either side of the planet's globe within the bright rings. The most remarkable feature of the appendage remains still to be mentioned—the fact, namely, that the bright body of the planet can be seen through this dusky ring. Where the dark ring crosses the planet, it appears as a rather dark belt which might readily be mistaken for a belt upon the planet's surface; for the outline of the planet can be seen through the ring as through a film of smoke or a crape veil.

Now it is worthy of notice that whereas the dark ring was not detected outside the planet's body until 1838, nor generally recognized by astronomers until 1850, the dark belt across the planet, really caused by the dusky ring, was observed more than a century earlier. In 1715 the younger Cassini saw it, and perceived that it was not curved enough for a belt really belonging to the planet. Hadley again observed that the belt attended the ring as this opened out and closed, or, in other words, that the dark belt belonged to the ring, not to the body of the planet. And in many pictures of Saturn's system a dark band is shown along the inner edge of the inner bright ring where it crosses the body of the planet. It seems to me that we have here a most important piece of evidence respecting the rings. It is clear that the inner part of the inner bright ring has for more than a century and a half (how much more we do not know) been partially transparent, and it is probable that within its inner edge there has been all the time a ring of matter; but this ring has only within the last half-century gathered consistency enough to be discernible. It is manifest that the existence of the dark belt shown in the older pictures would have led directly to the detection of the dark ring, had not this appendage been exceedingly faint. Thus, while the observation of the dark belt across the planet's face proves the dusky ring to have existed in some form long before it was perceived,

\* The same peculiarity has been noticed since the discovery of the dark ring, the space within that ring being observed by Coolidge and G. Bond at Harvard in 1856 to be apparently darker than the surrounding sky.

the same fact only helps to render us certain that the dark ring has changed notably in condition during the present century.

The discovery of this singular appendage, an object unique in the solar system, naturally attracted fresh attention to the question of the stability of the rings. The idea was thrown out by the elder Bond that the new ring may be fluid, or even that the whole ring-system may be fluid, and the dark ring simply thinner than the rest. It was thought possible that the ring-system is of the nature of a vast ocean, whose waves are steadily advancing upon the planet's globe. The mathematical investigation of the subject was also resumed by Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard, and it was satisfactorily demonstrated that the stability of a system of actual rings of solid matter required so nice an adjustment of so many narrow rings as to render the system far more complex than even Laplace had supposed. "A stable formation can," he said, "be nothing other than a very great number of separate narrow rigid rings, each revolving with its proper relative velocity." As was well remarked by the late Professor Nichol, "If this arrangement or anything like it were real, how many new conditions of instability do we introduce! Observation tells us that the division between such rings must be extremely narrow, so that the slightest disturbance by external or internal causes would cause one ring to impinge upon another; and we should thus have the seed of perpetual catastrophes." Nor would such a constitution protect the system against dissolution. "There is no escape from the difficulties, therefore, but through the final rejection of the idea that Saturn's rings are rigid or in any sense a solid formation."

The idea that the ring-system may be fluid came naturally next under mathematical scrutiny. Strangely enough, the physical objections to the theory of fluidity appear to have been entirely overlooked. Before we could accept such a theory, we must admit the existence of elements differing entirely from those with which we are familiar. No fluid known to us could retain the form of the rings of Saturn under the conditions to which they are exposed. But the mathematical examination of the subject disposed so thoroughly of the theory that the rings can consist of continuous fluid masses, that we need not now discuss the physical objections to the theory.

There remains only the theory that the

Saturnian ring-system consists of discrete masses analogous to the streams of meteors known to exist in great numbers within the solar system. The masses may be solid or fluid, may be strewn in relatively vacant space, or may be surrounded by vaporous envelopes; but that they are discrete, each free to travel on its own course, seemed as completely demonstrated by Pierce's calculations as anything not actually admitting of direct observation could possibly be. The matter was placed beyond dispute by the independent analysis to which Clerk Maxwell subjected the mathematical problem. It had been selected in 1855 as the subject for the Adams prize essay at Cambridge, and Clerk Maxwell's essay, which attained the prize, showed conclusively that only a system of many small bodies, each free to travel upon its course under the varying attractions to which it was subjected by Saturn itself, and by the Saturnian satellites, could possibly continue to girdle a planet as the rings of Saturn girdle him.

It is clear that all the peculiarities hitherto observed in the Saturnian ring-system are explicable so soon as we regard that system as made up of multitudes of small bodies. Varieties of brightness simply indicate various degrees of condensation of these small satellites. Thus the outer ring had long been observed to be less bright than the inner. Of course it did not seem impossible that the outer ring might be made of different materials; yet there was something bizarre in the supposition that two rings forming the same system were thus different in substance. It would not have been at all noteworthy if different parts of the same ring differed in luminosity—in fact it was much more remarkable that each zone of the system seemed uniformly bright all round. But that one zone should be of one tint, another of an entirely different tint, was a strange circumstance so long as the only available interpretation seemed to be that one zone was made (throughout) of one substance, the other of another. If this was strange when the difference between the inner and outer bright rings was alone considered, how much stranger did it seem when the multitudinous divisions in the rings were taken into account! Why should the ring-system, thirty thousand miles in width, be thus divided into zones of different material? An arrangement so artificial is quite unlike all that is elsewhere seen among the subjects of the astronomer's researches. But when the rings are regarded as made up of multi-



tudes of small bodies, we can quite readily understand how the nearly circular movements of all of these, at different rates, should result in the formation of rings of aggregation and rings of segregation, appearing at the earth's distance as bright rings and faint rings. The dark ring clearly corresponds in appearance with a ring of thinly scattered satellites. Indeed, it seems impossible otherwise to account for the appearance of a dusky belt across the globe of the planet where the dark ring crosses the disc. If the material of the dark ring were some partly transparent solid or fluid substance, the light of the planet received through the dark ring added to the light reflected by the dark ring itself, would be so nearly equivalent to the light received from the rest of the planet's disc, that either no dark belt would be seen, or the darkening would be barely discernible. In some positions a bright belt would be seen, not a dark one. But a ring of scattered satellites would cast as its shadow a multitude of black spots, which would give to the belt in shadow a dark grey aspect. A considerable proportion of these spots would be hidden by the satellites forming the dark ring, and in every case where a spot was wholly or partially hidden by a satellite, the effect (at our distant station where the separate satellites of the dark ring are not discernible) would simply be to reduce *pro tanto*, the darkness of the grey belt of shadow. But certainly more than half the shadows of the satellites would remain in sight; for the darkness of the ring at the time of its discovery showed that the satellites were very sparsely strewn. And these shadows would be sufficient to give to the belt a dusky hue, such as it presented when first discovered.\*

The observations which have recently been made by Mr. Trouvelot indicate changes in the ring-system, and especially in the dark ring, which place every other theory save that to which we have thus been led entirely out of the question. It should be noted that Mr. Trouvelot has employed telescopes of unquestionable excellence and varying in aperture from six inches to twenty-six inches, the latter aperture being that of the great telescope

of the Washington Observatory (the largest refractor in the world).

He has noted in the first place that the interior edge of the outer bright ring, which marks the outer limit of the great division, is irregular, but whether the irregularity is permanent or not he does not know. The great division itself is found not to be actually black, but, as was long since noted by Captain Jacob, of the Madras Observatory, a very dark brown, as though a few scattered satellites travelled along this relatively vacant zone of the system. Mr. Trouvelot has further noticed that the shadow of the planet upon the rings, and especially upon the outer ring, changes continually in shape, a circumstance which he attributes to irregularities in the surface of the rings. For my own part, I should be disposed to attribute these changes in the shape of the planet's shadow (noted by other observers also) to rapid changes in the deep cloud-laden atmosphere of the planet. Passing on, however, to less doubtful observations, we find that the whole system of rings has presented a cloudy and spotted aspect during the last four years. Mr. Trouvelot specially describes this appearance as observed on the parts of the ring outside the disc, called by astronomers the *ansa* because of their resemblance to handles; and it would seem, therefore, that the spotted and cloudy portions are seen only where the background on which the rings are projected is black. This circumstance clearly suggests that the darkness of these parts is due to the background, or, in other words, that the sky is in reality seen through those parts of the ring-system, just as the darkness of the slate-colored interior ring is attributed, on the satellite theory, to the background of sky visible through the scattered flight of satellites forming the dark ring. The matter composing the dark ring has been observed by Mr. Trouvelot to be gathered in places into compact masses, which prevent the light of the planet from being seen through those portions of the dark ring where the matter is thus massed together. It is clear that such peculiarities could not possibly present themselves in the case of a continuous solid or fluid ring-system, where as they would naturally occur in a ring formed of multitudes of minute bodies travelling freely around the planet.

The point next to be mentioned is still more decisive. When the dark ring was carefully examined with powerful telescopes during the ten years following its

\* I cannot understand why Mr. Webb, in his interesting little work, "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," says that the satellite theory of the rings certainly seems insufficient to account for the phenomena of the dark ring. It seems, on the contrary, manifest that the dark ring can scarcely be explained in any other way. The observations recently made are altogether inexplicable on any other theory.

discovery by Bond, at which time it was most favourably placed for observation, it was observed that the outline of the planet could be seen across the entire breadth of the dark ring. All the observations agreed in this respect. It was, indeed, noticed by Dawes that outside the planet's disc the dark ring showed varieties of tint, its inner half being darker than its outer portion. Lassell, observing the planet under most favorable conditions with his two-feet mirror at Malta, could not perceive these varieties of tint, which therefore we may judge to have been either not permanent or very slightly marked. But, as I have said, all observers agreed that the outline of the planet could be seen athwart the entire width of the dark ring. Mr. Trouvelot, however, has found that during the last four years the planet has not been visible through the whole width of the dark ring, but only through the inner half of the ring's breadth. It appears, then, that either the inner portion is getting continually thinner and thinner—that is, the satellites composing it are becoming continually more sparsely strewn—or that the outer portion is becoming more compact, doubtless by receiving stray satellites from the interior of the inner bright ring.

It is clear that in Saturn's ring-system, if not in the planet itself, mighty changes are still taking place. It may be that the rings are being so fashioned under the forces to which they are subjected as to be on their way to becoming changed into separate satellites, inner members of that system which at present consists of eight secondary planets. But, whatever may be the end towards which these changes are tending, we see processes of evolution taking place which may be regarded as typifying the more extensive and probably more energetic processes whereby the solar system itself reached its present condition. I ventured more than ten years ago, in the preface to my treatise upon the planet Saturn, to suggest the possibility "that in the variations perceptibly proceeding in the Saturnian ring-system a key may one day be found to the law of development under which the solar system has reached its present condition." This suggestion seems to me strikingly confirmed by the recent discoveries. The planet Saturn and its appendages, always interesting to astronomers, are found more than ever worthy of close investigation and scrutiny. We may here, as it were, seize nature in the act and trace out the actual progress of developments which at present are matters rather of theory than of observation.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. A MONOGRAPH.

X.

WITH the autumn of 1851 another epoch in the life of Charlotte Brontë was ushered in. She began to write "*Villette*." Something has already been said of the true character of that marvellous book, in which her own deepest experiences and ripest wisdom are given to the world. Of the manner in which it was written her readers know nothing. Yet this, the best-beloved child of her genius, was brought forth with a travail so bitter that more than once she was tempted to lay aside her pen and hush her voice forever. Every sentence was wrung from her as though it had been a drop of blood, and the book was built up bit by bit, amid paroxysms of positive anguish, occasioned in part by her own physical weakness and suffering, but still more by the torture through which her mind passed as she depicted scene after scene from the darkest chapter in her own life, for the benefit of those for whom she wrote. It is from her letters that at this time also we get the best indications of what she was passing through. Few, perhaps, reading these letters, would suppose that their writer was at that very time engaged in the production of a great masterpiece, destined to hold its own among the ripest and finest fruits of English genius. But no one can read them without seeing how true the woman's soul was, how deep her sympathy with those she loved, how keen her criticisms of even the dull and commonplace characters around her, how vivid and sincere her interest in everything which was passing either in the great world which lay afar off, or in the little world, the drama of which was being enacted under her own eyes. Even the ordinary incidents mentioned in her letters, the chance expressions which drop from her pen, have an interest when we remember who it is that speaks, and at what hour in her life this speech falls from her.

September, 1851.

I have mislaid your last letter, and so cannot look it over to see what there is in it to answer; but it is time it was answered in some fashion, whether I have anything to say or not. Miss —'s note is very like her. All that talk about "friendship," "mutual friends," "auld lang syne," etc., sounds very like palaver. Mrs. — wrote to me a week or a fortnight since—a well-meaning, amiable note, dwelling a good deal, excusably perhaps, on the good time that is coming. I mean, to speak plain English, on her expectation of

soon becoming a mother. No doubt it is very natural in her to feel as if no woman had ever been a mother before; but I could not help inditing an answer calculated to shake her up a bit. A day or two since I had another note from her, quite as good as usual, but I think a trifle nonplussed by the rather unceremonious fashion in which her terrors and the expected personage were handled. . . . It is useless to tell you how I live. I endure life; but whether I enjoy it or not is another question. However, I get on. The weather, I think, has not been very good lately; or else the beneficial effects of change of air and scene are evaporating. In spite of regular exercise the old headaches and starting, wakeful nights are coming upon me again. But I do get on, and have neither wish nor right to complain.

October, 1851.

I am not at all intending to go from home at present. I have just refused successively Miss Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Forster. I could not go if I would. One person after another in the house has been ailing for the last month and more. First Tabby had the influenza, then Martha took it and is ill in bed now, and I grieve to say papa too has taken cold. So far I keep pretty well, and am thankful for it, for who else would nurse them all? Some painful mental worry I have gone through this autumn; but there is no use in dwelling on all that. At present I seem to have some respite. I feel more disinclined than ever for letter-writing. . . . Life is a struggle.

November, 1851.

Papa, Tabby, and Martha are at present all better, but yet none of them well. Martha especially looks feeble. I wish she had a better constitution. As it is, one is always afraid of giving her too much to do; and yet there are many things I cannot undertake myself; and we do not like to change when we have had her so long. The other day I received the inclosed letter from Australia. I had had one before from the same quarter, which is still unanswered. I told you I did not expect to hear thence—nor did I. The letter is long, but it will be worth your while to read it. In its way it has merit—that cannot be denied—abundance of information, talent of a certain kind, alloyed (I think) here and there with errors of taste. This little man with all his long letters remains as much a conundrum to me as ever. Your account of the H— “domestic joys” amused me much. The good folks seem very happy; long may they continue so! It somewhat cheers me to know that such happiness *does* exist on earth.

November, 1851.

All here is pretty much as usual. . . . The only events of my life consist in that little change occasional letters bring. I have had two from Miss W— since she left Haworth, which touched me much. She seems to think so much of a little congenial company, a little

attention and kindness. She says she has not for many days known such enjoyment as she experienced during the ten days she stayed here. Yet you know what Haworth is—dull enough. Before answering X—’s letter from Australia I got up my courage to write to — and beg him to give me an impartial account of X—’s character and disposition, owning that I was very much in the dark on these points and did not like to continue correspondence without further information. I got the answer which I inclose. Since receiving it I have replied to X— in a calm, civil manner. At the earliest I cannot hear from him again before the spring.

December, 1851.

I hope you have got on this last week well. It has been very trying here. Papa so far has borne it unhurt; but these winds and changes have given me a bad cold; however, I am better now than I was. Poor old Keeper (Emily’s dog) died last Monday morning after being ill one night. He went gently to sleep; we laid his old faithful head in the garden. Flossy is dull, and misses him. There was something very sad in losing the old dog; yet I am glad he met a natural fate. People kept hinting that he ought to be put away, which neither papa nor I liked to think of. If I were near a town and could get cod-liver oil fresh and sweet, I really would most gladly take your advice and try it; but how I could possibly procure it at Haworth I do not see. . . . You ask about the “Lily and the Bee.” If you have read it you have effected an exploit beyond me. I glanced at a few pages and laid it down hopeless, nor can I now find courage to resume it. But, then, I never liked Warren’s writings. “Margaret Maitland” is a good book, I doubt not.

At this point, the illness of which she makes light in these letters, increased to such an extent as to alarm her father, and at last she consented to lay aside her work and allow herself the pleasure and comfort of a visit from her friend. The visit was a source of happiness whilst it lasted; but when it was over the depression returned, and there was a serious relapse. Something of her sufferings at this time—whilst “Villette” was still upon the stocks—will be gathered from the following letter, dated January, 1852:—

I wish you could have seen the coolness with which I captured your letter on its way to papa, and at once conjecturing its tenor, made the contents my own. Be quiet. Be tranquil. It is, dear Nell, my decided intention to come to B— for a few days when I *can* come; but of this last I must positively judge for myself, and I must take my time. I am better to-day—much better; but you can have little idea of the sort of condition into which mercury throws people to ask me to go from home anywhere in close or open carriage.

And as to talking—four days ago I could not well have articulated three sentences. Yet I did not need nursing, and I kept out of bed. It was enough to burden myself; it would have been misery to me to have annoyed another.

March, 1852.

The news of E. T.'s death came to me last week in a letter from M—, a long letter, which wrung my heart so in its simple, strong, truthful emotion, I have only ventured to read it once. It ripped up half-scarred wounds with terrible force—the death-bed was just the same—breath failing, etc. She fears she will now in her dreary solitude become “a stern, harsh, selfish woman.” This fear struck home. Again and again I have felt it for myself, and what is my position to M—’s? I should break out in energetic wishes that she would return to England, if reason would permit me to believe that prosperity and happiness would there await her. But I see no such prospect. May God help her as God only can help!

To another friend she writes as follows, in reply to an invitation to leave Haworth for a short visit:—

March 12th, 1852.

Your kind note holds out a strong temptation, but one that *must be resisted*. From home I must not go unless health or some cause equally imperative render a change necessary. For nearly four months now (*i.e.* since I first became ill) I have not put pen to paper; my work has been lying untouched and my faculties have been rusting for want of exercise; further relaxation is out of the question, and *I will not permit myself to think of it*. My publisher groans over my long delays; I am sometimes provoked to check the expression of his impatience with short and crusty answers. Yet the pleasure I now deny myself I would fain regard as only deferred. I heard something about your purposing to visit Scarborough in the course of the summer, and could I by the close of July or August bring my task to a certain point, how glad should I be to join you there for a while! . . . However, I dare not lay plans at this distance of time; for me so much must depend, first, on papa's health (which throughout the winter has been, I am thankful to say, really excellent); and, second, on the progress of work—a matter not wholly contingent on wish or will, but lying in a great measure beyond the reach of effort, or out of the pale of calculation.

As the summer advanced her sufferings were scarcely abated, and at last, in search of some relief, she made a sudden visit by herself to Filey, inspired in part by her desire to see the memorial stone erected above her sister's grave at Scarborough.

FILEY BAY, June, 1852.

MY DEAR MISS —,

Your kind and welcome note reached me at this place, where I have been staying three

weeks *quite alone*. Change and sea-air had become necessary. Distance and other considerations forbade my accompanying Ellen to the south, much as I should have liked it had I felt quite free and unfettered. Ellen told me sometime ago that you were not likely to visit Scarborough till the autumn, so I forthwith packed my trunk and betook myself here. The first week or ten days I greatly feared the seaside would not suit me, for I suffered almost incessantly from headache and other harassing ailments; the weather, too, was dark, stormy, and excessively—*bitterly*—cold; my solitude under such circumstances partook of the character of desolation; I had some dreary evening hours and night vigils. However, that passed. I think I am now better and stronger for the change, and in a day or two hope to return home. Ellen told me that Mr. W— said people with my tendency to congestion of the liver should walk three or four hours every day; accordingly I have walked as much as I could since I came here, and look almost as sunburnt and weather-beaten as a fisherman or a bathing-woman, with being out in the open air. As to my work, it has stood obstinately still for a long while: certainly a torpid liver makes a torpid brain. No spirit moves me. If this state of things does not entirely change my chance of a holiday in the autumn is not worth much; yet I should be very sorry not to meet you for a little while at Scarborough. The duty to be discharged at Scarborough was the chief motive that drew me to the east coast. I have been there, visited the churchyard, and seen the stone. There were five errors, consequently I had to give directions for its being refaced and relettered.

The sea-air did her good; but she was still unable to carry her great work forward, in spite of the urgent pressure put upon her by those who in this respect merely expressed the impatience of the public.

HAWORTH, July, 1852.

I am again at home, where (thank God) I found all well. I certainly feel much better than I did, and would fain trust that the improvement may prove permanent. . . . The first fortnight I was at Filey I had constantly recurring pain in the right side, and sick headache into the bargain. My spirits at the same time were cruelly depressed—prostrated sometimes. I feared the miseries and the suffering of last winter were all returning; consequently I am now indeed thankful to find myself so much better. . . . You ask about Australia. Let us dismiss the subject in a few words, and not recur to it. All is silent as the grave. Cornhill is silent too: there has been bitter disappointment there at my having no work ready for this season. Ellen, we must not rely upon our fellow-creatures—only on ourselves, and on Him who is above both us and them. My *labors*, as you call them, stand in abeyance and I cannot hurry

them. I must take my own time, however long that time may be.

August, 1852.

I am thankful to say that papa's convalescence seems now to be quite confirmed. There is scarcely any remainder of the inflammation in his eyes, and his general health progresses satisfactorily. He begins even to look forward to resuming his duty ere long, but caution must be observed on that head. Martha has been very willing and helpful during papa's illness. Poor Tabby is ill herself at present with English cholera; which complaint, together with influenza, has lately been almost universally prevalent in this district. Of the last I have myself had a touch; but it went off very gently on the whole, affecting my chest and liver less than any cold has done for the last three years. . . . I write to you about yourself rather under constraint and in the dark; for your letters, dear Nell, are most remarkably oracular, dropping nothing but hints which tie my tongue a good deal. What, for instance, can I say to your last postscript? It is quite sibylline. I can hardly guess what checks you in writing to me. Perhaps you think that as I generally write with some reserve, you ought to do the same. My reserve, however, has its origin not in design, but in necessity. I am silent because I have literally *nothing to say*. I might indeed repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often a very weary burden, and that the future sometimes appals me; but what end could be answered by such repetition, except to weary you and enervate myself? The evils that now and then wring a groan from my heart lie in my position — not that I am a *single* woman and likely to remain a *single* woman; but because I am a lonely woman and likely to be *lonely*. But it cannot be helped, and therefore *imperatively must be borne*, and borne too with as few words about it as may be. I write this just to prove to you that whatever you would freely *say* to me, you may just as freely write. Understand that I remain just as resolved as ever not to allow myself the holiday of a visit from you, till I have done my work. After labor, pleasure; but while work was lying at the wall undone, I never yet could enjoy recreation.

Slowly page after page of "Villette" was now being written. The reader sees from these letters that the book was composed in no happy mood. Writing to her publisher a few weeks after the date of the last letter printed above, she says, "I can hardly tell you how I hunger to hear some opinions beside my own, and how I have sometimes desponded and almost despaired, because there was no one to whom to read a line, or of whom to ask a counsel. 'Jane Eyre' was not written under such circumstances, nor were two-thirds of 'Shirley.' I got so miserable about it I could bear no allusion to the book. It is

not finished yet; but now I hope." But though her work pressed so incessantly upon her, and her feverish anxiety to have it done weighed so heavily upon her health and spirits, she could still find time to answer her friend's letters in a way which showed that her interest in the outer world was as keen as ever:—

September, 1852.

Thank you for A—'s notes. I like to read them, they are so full of news, but they are illegible. A great many words I really cannot make out. It is pleasing to hear that M— is doing so well, and the tidings about — seem also good. I get a note from every now and then, but I fear my last reply has not given much satisfaction. It contained a taste of that unpalatable commodity called *advice*—such advice, too, as might be and I dare say was, construed into faint reproof. I can scarcely tell what there is about —, that, in spite of one's conviction of her amiability, in spite of one's sincere wish for her welfare, palls upon one, satiates, stirs impatience. She *will* complacently put forth opinions and tastes as her own which are *not* her own, nor in any sense natural to her. My patience can really hardly sustain the test of such a jay in borrowed plumes. She prated so much about the fine wilful spirit of her child, whom she describes as a hard, brown little thing, who will do nothing but what pleases himself, that I hit out at last — not very hard, but enough to make her think herself ill-used, I doubt not. Can't help it. She often says she is not "absorbed in self," but the fact is I have seldom seen any one more unconsciously, thoroughly, and often weakly egotistic. Then, too, she is inconsistent. In the same breath she boasts her matrimonial happiness and whines for sympathy. Don't understand it. With a paragon of a husband and child, why that whining, craving note? Either her lot is not all she professes it to be, or she is hard to content.

In October the resolute determination to allow herself no relaxation until "Villette" was finished broke down. She was compelled to call for help, and to acknowledge herself beaten in her attempt to crush out the yearning for company:—

October, 1852.

Papa expresses so strong a wish that I should ask you to come, and I feel some little refreshment so absolutely necessary myself, that I really must beg you to come to Haworth for one single week. I thought I would persist in denying myself till I had done my work, but I find it won't do. The matter refuses to progress, and this excessive solitude presses too heavily. So let me see your dear face, Nell, just for one reviving week. Could you come on Wednesday? Write to-morrow and let me know by what train you would reach Keighley, that I may send for you.



The visit was a pleasant one in spite of the weariness of body and mind which troubled Charlotte. She laid aside her task for that "one little week," went out upon the moors with her friend, talked as of old, and at last, when she was left alone once more, declared that the change had done her "inexpressible good." Her pen now began to move more quickly, and the closing chapters of "Villette" were written with comparative ease, so that at last she writes thus on November 22nd:—

*Monday Morning.*

Truly thankful am I to be able to tell you that I finished my long task on Saturday, packed and sent off the parcel to Cornhill. I said my prayers when I had done it. Whether it is well or ill done I don't know. *D.V.*, I will now try to wait the issue quietly. The book, I think, will not be considered pretentious, nor is it of a character to excite hostility. As papa is pretty well, I may, I trust, dear Nell, do as you wish me and come for a few days to B—. Miss Martineau has also urgently asked me to go and see her. I promised if all were well to do so at the close of November or the commencement of December, so that I could go on from B— to Westmoreland. Would Wednesday suit you? "Esmond" shall come with me, *i.e.*, Thackeray's novel.

Every reader knows in what fashion "Villette" ends, and most persons also know from Mrs. Gaskell that the reason why the actual issue is left in some uncertainty was the author's filial desire to gratify her father. Charlotte herself was firmly resolved that she would *not* make Lucy Snowe the happy wife of Paul Emanuel. She never meant to "appoint her lot in pleasant places." Lucy was to bear the storm and stress of life in the same manner as that in which her creator had been compelled to bear it; and she was to be left in the end alone, robbed forever of the hope of spending the happy afternoon of her existence in the sunshine of love and congenial society. But Mr. Brontë, altogether unconscious of that tragedy of heart-sickness and soul-weariness which was being enacted under his own roof, and which furnished so striking a parallel to the story which ran through "Villette," would not brook a gloomy ending to the tale, and by protestations and entreaties induced his daughter at least so far to alter her plan as to leave the issue in doubt.

So "Villette" went its way as "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" had done before it from the secluded parsonage at Haworth up to the busy publishing-house in Cornhill,

and thence out into the world. There was some fear on Charlotte's part when the MS. had been despatched. She herself was gradually forming that which remained the fixed conviction of her life—the conviction that in "Villette" she had done her best, and that, for good or for ill, by it her reputation must stand or fall. But she was intensely anxious, as we have seen, to have the opinions of others upon the story. Nor was it only a general verdict on its merits for which she called. She was uneasy upon some minor points. According to her wont, she had taken most of her characters from life, and it was not during her stay at Brussels alone that she had studied the models which she employed when writing the book. Naturally, she was curious to know whether she had painted her portraits too literally. So "Villette" was allowed to pass, whilst still in MS., into the hands of the original of "Dr. John." When that gentleman had read the story, and criticised all the characters with the freedom of unconsciousness, her mind was set at rest, and she knew that she had not transgressed the bounds which divide the storyteller from the biographer.

In the mean time, her work done, she hurried away from Haworth to spend a well-earned holiday at B— with her friend. "Esmond" accompanied her, and the quiet afternoons were spent in reading it aloud. On December 9th she writes from Haworth announcing her safe return to her own home:—

I got home safely at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and, I am most thankful to say, found papa and all the rest quite well. I did my business satisfactorily in Leeds, getting the head-dress rearranged as I wished. It is now a very different matter to the bushy, tasteless thing it was before. On my arrival I found no proof-sheets, but a letter from Mr. S—, which I would have inclosed, but so many words are scarce legible you would have no pleasure in reading it. He continues to make a mystery of his "reason;" something in the third volume sticks confoundedly in his throat, and as to the "female character" about which I asked, he responds that "she is an odd, fascinating little puss," but affirms that "he is not in love with her." He tells me also that he will answer no more questions about "Villette." This morning I have a brief note from Mr. Williams, intimating that he has not yet been permitted to read the third volume. Also there is a note from Mrs. —, very kind. I almost wish I could still look on that kindness just as I used to do: it was very pleasant to me once. Write *immediately*, dear Nell, and tell me how your mother is. Give my kindest regards to her, and all others at B—. Every-

body seemed very good to me this last visit. I remember it with corresponding pleasure.

The private reception of "Villette" was not altogether that for which its author had hoped. Her publisher had objection to urge against certain features of the story, and those who saw the book in manuscript were not slow to express their own disapproval. It was evident that there was disappointment at Cornhill; and the proud spirit of Miss Brontë was keenly troubled. The letters in which she dwells on what was passing at that time need not be reproduced here; for their purport is sufficiently indicated by that which has just been given. But it is worth while to notice the scrupulous modesty with which she listened to all that was said by those who found fault; her careful anxiety to understand their objections, such as they were, and her perfect readiness to discuss every point raised with them. Of irritability under this criticism there is no trace, only a certain sadness and sorrow at the discovery that she had not succeeded in impressing others as she had hoped. Yet she is scarcely surprised at first that it is so. Had she not written years before, when "Shirley" was first produced, these words?—

No matter, whether known or unknown, misjudged or the contrary, I am resolved not to write otherwise. I shall bend as my powers tend. The two human beings who understood me, and whom I understood, are gone. I have some that love me yet, and whom I love without expecting, or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. I am satisfied, but I must have my own way in the matter of writing. . . . I am thankful to God who gave me the faculty; and it is for me a part of my religion to defend this gift and to profit by its possession.

So now she is not astonished at finding herself misunderstood. Nor is she angry. She is perfectly ready to explain her real meaning to those who have misjudged her, but she is resolute in abiding by what she has written. The work wrung from her during those two years of pain and sorrow is not work which can be altered at will, to please another. Even to meet the entreaties of her father she had refused to do more than draw a veil over the catastrophe in which the plot ends, and she cannot introduce new incidents, or lay on new colors, because the little circle of critics sitting in judgment on her manuscript have pronounced it to be imperfect. "I fear they" (the readers) "must be satisfied with what is offered; my palette affords no brighter tints; were I to attempt to deepen the

reds or burnish the yellows, I should but botch." Yet she admits that those who judge the book only from the outside have some reason to complain that it is not as other novels are:—

You say that Lucy Snowe may be thought morbid and weak, unless the history of her life be more freely given. I consider that she is both morbid and weak at times; her character sets up no pretensions to unmixed strength, and anybody living her life would necessarily become morbid. It was no impetus of healthy feeling which urged her to the confessional, for instance; it was the semi-delirium of solitary grief and sickness. If, however, the book does not express all this there must be a great fault somewhere. I might explain away a few other points, but it would be too much like drawing a picture and then writing underneath the name of the object intended to be represented.

Happily the heart of the great reading world is bigger and truer as a whole than any part of it is. What those who read the manuscript of "Villette" failed to see at the first glance was seen instantly by the public when the book was placed in its hands. From critics of every school and degree, there came up a cry of wonder and admiration, as men saw out of what simple characters and commonplace incidents genius had evoked this striking work of literary art. Popular, perhaps, the book, could scarcely hope to be in the vulgar acceptance of the word. The author had carefully avoided the "flowery and inviting" course of romance, and had written in silent obedience to the stern dictates of an inspiration which, as we have seen, only came at intervals, leaving her between its visits cruelly depressed and pained, but which when it came held her spell-bound and docile. Yet out of the dull record of humble woes, marked by no startling episodes, adorned by few of the flowers of poetry, she had created such a heart-history as remains to this day without a rival in the school of English fiction to which it belongs.

I bring together a batch of notes, not all addressed to the same person, which give her account of the reception and success of the book:—

Feb. 11th, 1853.

Excuse a very brief note, for I have time only to thank you for your last kind and welcome letter, and to say that, in obedience to your wishes, I send you by this day's post two reviews—the *Examiner* and the *Morning Advertiser*—which, perhaps, you will kindly return at your leisure. Ellen has a third—the *Literary Gazette*—which she will likewise send. The reception of the book has been

favorable thus far—for which I am thankful—less, I trust, on my own account than for the sake of those few real friends who take so sincere an interest in my welfare as to be happy in my happiness.

Feb. 15th.

I am very glad to hear that you got home all right, and that you managed to execute your commissions in Leeds so satisfactorily. You do not say whether you remembered to order the bishop's dessert; I shall know, however, by to-morrow morning. I got a budget of no less than seven papers yesterday and to-day. The import of all the notices is such as to make my heart swell with thankfulness to Him who takes note both of suffering and work and motives. Papa is pleased too. As to friends in general, I believe I can love them still without expecting them to take any large share in this sort of gratification. The longer I live, the more plainly I see that gentle must be the strain on fragile human nature. It will not bear much.

I have heard from Mrs. Gaskell. Very kind, panegyric, and so on. Mr. S—— tells me he has ascertained that Miss Martineau *did* write the notice in the *Daily News*. J. T. offers to give me a regular blowing-up and setting-down for 5*l.*, but I tell him the *Times* will probably let me have the same gratis.

March 10th, 1853.

I only got the *Guardian* newspaper yesterday morning, and have not yet seen either the *Critic* or *Sharpe's Magazine*. The *Guardian* does not wound me much. I see the motive, which, indeed, there is no attempt to disguise. Still I think it a choice little morsel for foes (Mr. — was the first to bring the news of the review to papa), and a still choicer morsel for "friends" who, — bless them! — while they would not perhaps positively do one an injury, still take a dear delight in dashing with bitterness the too sweet cup of success. Is *Sharpe's* small article like a bit of sugar-candy, too, Ellen? or has it the proper wholesome wormwood flavor? Of course I guess it will be like the *Guardian*. My "dear friends" will weary of waiting for the *Times*. "O Sisera! why tarry the wheels of thy chariot so long?"

March 22nd.

Thank you for sending —'s notes. Though I have not attended to them lately, they always amuse me. I like to read them; one gets from them a clear enough idea of her sort of life. —'s attempts to improve his good partner's mind make me smile. I think it all right enough, and doubt not they are happy in their way; only the direction he gives his efforts seems of rather problematic wisdom. Algebra and optics! Why not enlarge her views by a little well-chosen general reading? However, they do right to amuse themselves in their own way. The rather dark view you seem inclined to take of the general opinion about "Villette" surprises me the less, as only the more unfavorable reviews seem to have

come in your way. Some reports reach me of a different tendency; but no matter; time will show. As to the character of Lucy Snowe, my intention from the first was that she should not occupy the pedestal to which "Jane Eyre" was raised by some injudicious admirers. She is where I meant her to be, and where no charge of self-laudation can touch her.

## XI.

EVERY book, as we know, has its secret history, hidden from the world which reads only the printed pages, but legible enough to the author, who sees something more than the words he has set down for every one to read. Thackeray tells us how, reading again one of his smaller stories, written at a sad period of his own life, he brought back all the scene amid which the little tale was composed, and woke again to a consciousness of the pangs which tore his heart when his pen was busy with the imaginary fortunes of the puppets he had placed upon the mimic stage. Between the lines he read quite a different story from that which was laid before the reader. I have tried to show how largely this was the case with Charlotte Brontë's novels. Each was a double romance, having one meaning for the world and another for the author. Yet she herself, when she wrote "Shirley" and "Villette," had no conception of the strange blending of the secret currents of the two books which was in store for her, or of the unexpected fate which was to befall the real heroine of her last work — to wit, herself.

I have told how fixed was her belief that "Lucy Snowe's" fate was to be a tragic one — a life the closing years of which were to be spent in loneliness and anguish, and amid the bitterness of withered hopes. Very few readers can have forgotten the closing passage of "Villette," in which the catastrophe, though veiled, can be readily discovered: —

The sun passes the equinox; the days shorten, the leaves grow sere; but—he is coming.

Frosts appear at night; November has sent his fogs in advance; the wind takes its autumn moan; but—he is coming.

The skies hang full and dark—a rack sails from the west; the clouds cast themselves into strange forms—arches and broad radiations; there rise resplendent mornings—glorious, royal, purple as a monarch in his state; the heavens are one flame; so wild are they, they rival battle at its thickest—so bloody, they shame Victory in her pride. I know some signs of the sky; I have noted them ever since childhood. God, watch that sail! Oh! guard it!

The wind shifts to the west. Peace, peace, Banshee—"keening" at every window! It will rise—"it will swell"—it shrieks out long: wander as I may through the house this night, I cannot lull the blast. The advancing hours make it strong: by midnight, all sleepless watchers hear and fear a wild south-west storm. . . .

Peace, be still! Oh! a thousand weepers, praying in agony on waiting shores, listened for that voice, but it was not uttered—not uttered till, when the hush came, some could not feel it; till, when the sun returned, his light was night to some!

In darkness such as here is shadowed forth, Charlotte Brontë believed that her own life would close; all sunshine gone, all joys swept clean away by the bitter blast of death, all hopes withered or uprooted. But the end which she pictured was not to be. God was more merciful than her own imaginings; and at eventime there was light and peace upon her troubled path.

Those who turn to the closing passage of "Shirley" will find there reference to "a true Christian gentleman," who had taken the place of the hypocrite Malone, one of the famous three curates of the story. This gentleman, a Mr. McCarthy, was, like the rest, no fictitious personage. His original was to be found in the person of Mr. Nicholls, who for several years had lived a simple, unobtrusive life at Haworth, as curate to Mr. Brontë, and whose name often occurs in Charlotte's letters to her friend. In none of these references to him is there the slightest indication that he was more than an honored friend. Nor was it so. Whilst Mr. Nicholls, dwelling near Miss Brontë, and observing her far more closely than any other person could do, had formed a deep and abiding attachment for her, she herself was wholly unconscious of the fact. Its first revelation came upon her as something like a shock; as something also like a reproach. Whilst she had thought herself alone, doomed to a life of solitude and pain, a tender yet a manly love had all the while been growing round her.

It is obvious that the letters which she addressed at this time (December, 1852) to her friend cannot be printed here. Yet no letters more honorable to the woman, the daughter, and the lover have ever been penned. There is no restraint now in the outpourings of her heart. Her friend is taken into her full confidence, and every hope and fear and joy is spoken out as only women who are pure and truthful and entirely noble can venture to speak out. Mrs. Gaskell has briefly but distinctly

stated the broad features of this strange love-story, giving such promise at the time, so happy and beautiful in its brief fruition, so soon to be quenched in the great darkness. Mr. Brontë resented the attentions of Mr. Nicholls to his daughter in a manner which brought to light all the sternness and bitterness of his character. There had been of late years a certain mellowing of his disposition which Charlotte had dwelt upon with hopeful joy, as her one comfort in her lonely life at Haworth. How much he owed to her none knew but himself. When he was sinking under the burden of his son's death, she had rescued him; when, for one dark and bitter interval, he had sought refuge from grief and remorse in the coward's solace, her brave heart, her gentleness, her unyielding courage, had brought him back again from evil ways, and sustained and kept him in the path of honor; and now his own ambitions were more than satisfied by her success; he found himself shining in the reflected glory of his daughter's fame, and sunned himself, poor man, in the light and warmth. But all the old jealousy, the intense acerbity of his character broke out when he saw another person step between himself and her, and that other no idol of the great world of London, but simply the honest man who had dwelt almost under his roof-tree for years.

When, having heard with surprise and emotion, the story of Mr. Nicholls's attachment, Charlotte communicated his offer to her father, "agitation and anger disproportionate to the occasion ensued. My blood boiled with a sense of injustice. But papa worked himself into a state not to be trifled with. The veins on his forehead started up like whipcord, and his eyes became suddenly bloodshot. I made haste to promise that on the morrow Mr. Nicholls should have a distinct refusal." It so happened that very soon after this, that is to say when "Villette" was published, Miss Martineau caused deep pain to its writer by condemning the manner in which "all the female characters in all their thoughts and lives" were represented as "being full of one thing—love." The critic not unjustly pointed out that love was not the be-all and the end-all of a woman's life. Perhaps her pen would not have been so sharp in touching on this subject, had she known with what quiet self-sacrifice the author of "Villette" had but a few weeks before set aside her own preferences and inclinations, and submitted her lot to her father's angry will. This truly must be reckoned as another illustra-

tion of the extent to which the *Quarterly Review* of 1848 had formed an accurate conception of the character of "Currer Bell."

Not only was the struggle which followed sharp and painful; it was also stubborn and prolonged. Mr. Nicholls resigned the curacy he had held so many years, and prepared to leave Haworth. Mr. Brontë not only showed no signs of relenting, but openly exulted in his departure, and lost no opportunity of expressing, in bitterly sarcastic language, his opinion of his colleague's conduct. How deeply Charlotte suffered at this time is proved by the letters before me. Firmly convinced that her first duty was to the parent whose only remaining stay she was, she never wavered in her determination to sacrifice every wish of her own to his comfort. But her heart was racked with pity for the man who was suffering through his love for her, and her indignation was roused to fever-heat by the gross injustice of her father's conduct.

Compassion or relenting is no more to be looked for from papa than sap from fire-wood. I never saw a battle more sternly fought with the feelings than Mr. N. fights with his, and when he yields momentarily, you are almost sickened by the sense of the strain upon him. However, he is to go and I cannot speak to him or look at him or comfort him a whit—and I must submit. Providence is over all; that is the only consolation.

In all this [she says, after speaking again of the severity of the struggle] it is not I who am to be pitied at all, and of course nobody pities me. They all think in Haworth that I have disdainfully refused him. If pity would do him any good he ought to have, and I believe has, it. They may abuse me if they will. Whether they do or not I can't tell.

During this crisis in her life, when suffering had come to her in a new and sharp form, but when happily the black cloud was lit up on the other side by the rays of the sun, she went up to London to spend a few weeks. From the letters written during her visit I make these extracts:—

Jan. 11th, 1853.

I came here last Wednesday. I had a delightful day for my journey, and was kindly received at the close. My time has passed pleasantly enough since I came, yet I have not much to tell you; nor is it likely I shall have. I do not mean to go out much or see many people. Sir J. S.— wrote to me two or three times before I left home, and made me promise to let him know when I should be in town, but I reserve to myself the right of deferring the communication till the latter part of my stay. All in this house appear to be pretty much as usual, and yet I see some changes.

Mrs. — and her daughter look well enough; but on Mr. — hard work is telling early. Both his complexion, his countenance, and the very lines of his features are altered. It is rather the remembrance of what he was than the fact of what he is which can warrant the picture I have been accustomed to give of him. One feels pained to see a physical alteration of this kind; yet I feel glad and thankful that it is *merely* physical. As far as I can judge, mind and manners have undergone no deterioration—rather, I think, the contrary.

Jan. 19th, 1853.

I still continue to get on very comfortably and quietly in London, in the way I like, seeing rather things than persons. Being allowed to have my own choice of sights this time, I selected the *real* rather than the *decorative* side of life. I have been over two prisons, ancient and modern, Newgate and Pentonville; also the Bank, the Exchange, the Foundling Hospital; and to-day, if all be well, I go with Dr. Forbes to see the Bethlehem Hospital. Mrs. — and her daughters are, I believe, a little amazed at my gloomy tastes; but I take no notice. Papa, I am glad to say, continues well. I inclose portions of two notes of his which will show you better than anything I can say how he treats a certain subject. My book is to appear at the close of this month. Mrs. Gaskell wrote to beg that it should not clash with "Ruth," and it was impossible to refuse to defer the publication a week or two.

The visit to London did good; but it could not remove the pain which she suffered during this period of conflict. The remainder of the year 1853 was a chequered one. Mr. Nicholls left Haworth; Charlotte remained with her father. Those who saw her at this time bear testimony to the unflinching, never-flagging devotion she displayed towards one who was wounding her cruelly. But she bore this sorrow, like those which had preceded it, bravely and cheerfully. To her friend she opened her heart at times, revealing something of what she was suffering; but to all others she was silent.

HAWORTH, April 13th, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS —,

Your last kind letter ought to have been answered long since, and would have been, did I find it practicable to proportion the promptitude of the response to the value I place upon my correspondents and their communications. You will easily understand, however, that the contrary rule often holds good, and that the epistle which importunes often takes precedence of that which interests. My publishers express entire satisfaction with the reception which has been accorded to "Vilette." And, indeed, the majority of the reviews has been favorable enough. You will be aware, however, that there is a minority, small in



character, which views the work with no favorable eye. Currer Bell's remarks on Romanism have drawn down on him the condign displeasure of the High Church party, which displeasure has been unequivocally expressed through their principal organs, the *Guardian*, the *English Churchman*, and the *Christian Remembrancer*. I can well understand that some of the charges launched against me by these publications will tell heavily to my prejudice in the minds of most readers. But this must be borne; and for my part, I can suffer no accusation to oppress me much which is not supported by the inward evidence of conscience and reason. "Extremes meet," says the proverb; in proof whereof I would mention that Miss Martineau finds with "Villette" nearly the same fault as the Puseyites. She accuses me of attacking Popery "with virulence," of going out of my way to assault it "passionately." In other respects she has shown, with reference to the work, a spirit so strangely and unexpectedly acrimonious, that I have gathered courage to tell her that the gulf of mutual difference between her and me is so wide and deep, the bridge of union so slight and uncertain, I have come to the conclusion that frequent intercourse would be most perilous and unadvisable, and have begged to adjourn *sine die* my long-projected visit to her. Of course she is now very angry; but it cannot be helped. Two or three weeks since I received a long and kind letter from Mr. —, which I answered a short time ago. I believe he thinks me a much better advocate for *change*, and what is called "political progress" than I am. However, in my reply, I did not touch on these subjects. He intimated a wish to publish some of his own MSS. I fear he would hardly like the somewhat dissuasive tendency of my answer; but really, in these days of headlong competition, it is a great risk to publish.

April 18th, 1853.

If all be well, I think of going to Manchester about the close of this week. I only intend staying a few days; but I can say nothing about coming back by B—. Do not expect me; I would rather see you at Haworth by-and-by. Two or three weeks since Miss Martineau wrote to ask why she did not hear from me, and to press me to go to Ambleside. Explanations ensued; the notes on each side were quite civil; but having deliberately formed my resolution on substantial grounds, I adhered to it. I have declined being her visitor, and bid her good-bye. It is best so; the antagonism of our natures and principles was too serious to be trifled with.

This difference with Miss Martineau is not a thing to dwell on now. The pity is that two women so truthful, so sincere, so bold in their utterances, should ever have differed. Charlotte Brontë had known how to stand bravely by Miss Martineau when she believed that the latter was suf-

fering because of her honestly-formed opinions; she had known how to speak on her behalf with timely generosity and force. But her sensitive nature was wounded to the quick by criticisms which she believed to be unjust, and so these two great women parted, and met again no more.

To the mental pain which she was now suffering from her father's conduct there was added keen physical torture. During this summer of 1853 many of her letters contain sentences like this: "I have been suffering most severely for ten days with continued pain in the head — on the nerves it is said to be. Blistering at last seems to have done it some good; but I am yet weak and bewildered." A visit from Mrs. Gaskell, who came to see how Haworth looked in its autumn robe of splendor, did her some good; but still more was gained by a journey to the seaside in the company of her old friend and schoolmistress, Miss Wooler.

December came, and she writes to this friend expressing her wonder as to how she is spending the long winter evenings — "alone probably like me." It was a dreary winter for her; but the spring was at hand. Mr. Brontë, studying his daughter with keen eyes, could not hide from himself the fact that her health and spirits were drooping now as they had never drooped before. All work with the pen was laid aside; and household cares, attendance upon her father or on the old servant who now also needed to be waited upon, occupied her time; but her heart was heavy with a burden such as she had never known before. At last the stern nature of the man was broken down by his genuine affection for his daughter. His opposition to her marriage was suddenly laid aside; he asked her to recall Mr. Nicholls to Haworth, and with characteristic waywardness he now became as anxious that the wedding should take place as he had ever been that it should be prevented.

April 11th, 1854.

The result of Mr. Nicholls's visit is that papa's consent is gained and his respect won; for Mr. Nicholls has in all things proved himself disinterested and forbearing. He has shown, too, that while his feelings are exquisitely keen he can freely forgive. . . . In fact, dear Ellen, I am engaged. Mr. Nicholls in the course of a few months will return to the curacy of Haworth. I stipulated that I would not leave papa, and to papa himself I proposed a plan of residence which should maintain his seclusion and convenience uninvaded,

and in a pecuniary sense bring him gain instead of loss. What seemed at one time impossible is now arranged, and papa begins really to take a pleasure in the prospect. For myself, dear E—, while thankful to One who seems to have guided me through much difficulty, much and deep distress and perplexity of mind, I am still very calm. . . . What I taste of happiness is of the soberest order. Providence offers me this destiny. Doubtless, then, it is the best for me; nor do I shrink from wishing those dear to me one not less happy. It is possible that our marriage may take place in the course of the summer. Mr. Nicholls wishes it to be in July. He spoke of you with great kindness, and said he hoped you would be at our wedding. I said I thought of having no other bridesmaid. Did I say right? I mean the marriage to be literally as *quiet as possible*. Do not mention these things as yet. Good-bye. There is a strange, half-sad feeling in making these announcements. The whole thing is something other than the imagination paints it beforehand: cares, fears, come mixed inextricably with hopes. I trust yet to talk the matter over with you.

So at length the day had dawned, and every letter now is filled with the hopes and cares of the expectant bride.

April 15th.

I hope to see you somewhere about the second week in May. The Manchester visit is still hanging over my head, I have deferred it and deferred it; but have finally promised to go about the beginning of next month. I shall only stay about three days; then I spend two or three days at H—, then come to B—. The three visits must be compressed into the space of a fortnight if possible. I suppose I shall have to go to Leeds. My purchases cannot be either expensive or extensive. You must just resolve in your head the bonnets and dresses: something that can be turned to decent use and worn after the wedding-day will be best—I think. I wrote immediately to Miss W—, and received a truly kind letter from her this morning. Papa's mind seems wholly changed about this matter; and he has said, both to me and when I was not there, how much happier he feels since he allowed all to be settled. It is a wonderful relief for me to hear him treat the thing rationally—and quietly and amicably to talk over with him themes on which once I dared not touch. He is rather anxious that things should get forward now, and takes quite an interest in the arrangement of preliminaries. His health improves daily, though this east wind still keeps up a slight irritation in the throat and chest. The feeling which had been disappointed in papa was *ambition*—paternal pride—ever a restless feeling, as we all know. Now that this unquiet spirit is exorcised, justice, which was once quite forgotten, is once more listened to, and affection, I hope, resumes some power. My hope is that in the end this

arrangement will turn out more truly to papa's advantage than any other it was in my power to achieve. Mr. N. only in his last letter refers touchingly to his earnest desire to prove his gratitude to papa by offering support and consolation to his declining age. This will not be mere *talk* with him. He is no talker; no dealer in mere professions.

April 28th.

Papa, thank God! continues to improve much. He preached twice on Sunday and again on Wednesday, and was not tired. His mind and mood are different to what they were; so much more cheerful and quiet. I trust the illusions of ambition are quite dissipated, and that he really sees it is better to relieve a suffering and faithful heart, to secure in its fidelity a solid good, than unfeelingly to abandon one who is truly attached to *his* interests as well as mine, and pursue some vain empty shadow.

The marriage took place on June 29th 1854. A neighboring clergyman read the service; Charlotte's "dear Nell" was the solitary bridesmaid; her old schoolmistress, whose friendship had ever been dear to her, Miss Wooler, gave her away, and visitors to Haworth who are shown the marriage register, will see that these two faithful and trusted friends were the only witnesses. Immediately after the marriage the bride and bridegroom started for Ireland to visit some of the relatives of Mr. Nicholls. "I trust I feel thankful to God for having enabled me to make a right choice, and I pray to be enabled to repay as I ought the affectionate devotion of a truthful, honorable, unboastful man," are words which appear in the first letter written from Ireland. A month later the bride writes as follows to her friend:—

DUBLIN, July 28th, 1854.

I really cannot rest any longer without writing you a line, which I have literally not had time to do during the last fortnight. We have been travelling about, with only just such cessation as enabled me to answer a few of the many notes of congratulation forwarded, and which I dared not suffer to accumulate till my return, when I know I shall be busy enough. We have been to Killarney, Glen Gariffe, Tarbert, Tralee, Cork, and are now once more in Dublin again on our way home, where we hope to arrive next week. I shall make no effort to describe the scenery through which we have passed. Some parts have exceeded all I ever imagined. Of course much pleasure has sprung from all this, and more perhaps from the kind and ceaseless protection which has ever surrounded me, and made travelling a different matter to me from what it has heretofore been. Dear Nell, it is written that there shall be no unmixed happiness in this world. Papa has not been well, and I have

been longing, *longing intensely* sometimes, to be at home. Indeed, I could enjoy and rest no more, and so home we are going.

It was a new life to which she was returning. Wedded to one who had proved by years of faithfulness and patience how strong and real was his love for her, it seemed as though peace and sunshine, the brightness of affection and the pleasures of home, were at length about to settle upon her and around her. The bare sitting-room in the parsonage, which for six years of loneliness and anguish had been peopled only by the heart-sick woman and the memories of those who had left her, once more resounded with the voices of the living. The husband's strong and upright nature furnished something for the wife to lean against; the painful sense of isolation which had so long oppressed her vanished utterly, and in its place came that "sweet sense of depending" which is the most blessed fruit of a trustful love. A great calm seemed to be breathed over the spirit of her life after the fitful fever which had raged so long, and her friends saw new shoots of tenderness, new blossoms of gentleness and affection, peeping forth in nooks of her character which had hitherto been barren. Of her letters during these happy months of peace and expectation I cannot quote much: they are too closely intertwined with the life of those who survive to permit of this being done; but all of them breathe the same spirit. They show that the courage, the patience, the cheerfulness with which the rude buffetings of fate had been borne in that stormy middle-passage of her history, had brought their own reward; and that joy had come at last, not perhaps in the shape she had imagined in her early youth, but as a substantial reality, and no longer a mocking illusion.

August 9th, 1854.

— will probably end by accepting —; and judging from what you say, it seems to me that it would be rational to do so. If, indeed, some one else whom she preferred *wished* to have her, and had duly and sincerely come forward, matters would be different. But this it appears is not the case; and to cherish any *unguarded* and unsustained preference is neither right nor wise. Since I came home I have not had one unemployed moment. My life is changed indeed; to be wanted continually, to be constantly called for and occupied, seems so strange: yet it is a marvellously good thing. As yet I don't quite understand how some wives grow so selfish. As far as my experience of matrimony goes, I think it tends to draw you out and away from yourself. . . .

Dear Nell, during the last six weeks the color of my thoughts is a good deal changed. I know more of the realities of life than I once did. I think many false ideas are propagated, perhaps unintentionally. I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintance to marry, much to blame. For my part I can only say with deeper sincerity and fuller significance, what I always said in theory — wait God's will. Indeed, indeed, Nell, it is a solemn, and strange, and perilous thing for a woman to become a wife. Man's lot is far, far different. . . . Have I told you how much better Mr. Nicholls is? He looks quite strong and hale. To see this improvement in him has been a great source of happiness to me; and, to speak the truth, a source of wonder too.

HAWORTH, September 7th, 1854.

I send a French paper to-day. You would almost think I had given them up, it is so long since one was despatched. The fact is they had accumulated to quite a pile during my absence. I wished to look them over before sending them off, and as yet I have scarcely found time. That same *time* is an article of which I once had a large stock always on hand; where it is all gone to now it would be difficult to say, but my moments are very fully occupied. Take warning, Ellen. The married woman can call but a very small portion of each day her own. Not that I complain of this sort of monopoly as yet, and I hope I never shall incline to regard it as a misfortune, but it certainly exists. We were both disappointed that you could not come on the day I mentioned. I have grudged this splendid weather very much. The moors are in their glory; I never saw them fuller of purple bloom; I wanted you to see them at their best. They are fast turning now, and in another week, I fear, will be faded and sere. As soon as ever you can leave home, be sure to write and let me know. . . . Papa continues greatly better. My husband flourishes; he begins indeed to express some slight alarm at the growing improvement in his condition. I think I am decent — better certainly than I was two months ago; but people don't compliment me as they do Arthur — excuse the name; it has grown natural to use it now.

HAWORTH, September 16th, 1854.

MY DEAR MISS —

You kindly tell me not to write while Ellen is with me; I am expecting her this week; and as I think it would be wrong, long to defer answering a letter like yours, I will reduce to practice the maxim, "There is no time like the present," and do it at once. It grieves me that you should have had any anxiety about my health; the cough left me before I quitted Ireland, and since my return home I have scarcely had an ailment, except occasional headaches. My dear father, too, continues much better. Dr. B — was here on Sunday preaching a sermon for the Jews, and he gratified me much by saying that he thought

papa not at all altered since he saw him last — nearly a year ago. I am afraid this opinion is rather flattering; but still it gave me pleasure, for I had feared that he looked undeniably thinner and older. You ask what visitors we have had. A good many amongst the clergy, etc., in the neighborhood, but none of note from a distance. Haworth is, as you say, a very quiet place; it is also difficult of access, and unless under the stimulus of necessity, or that of strong curiosity, or finally that of true and tried friendship, few take courage to penetrate to so remote a nook. Besides, now that I am married, I do not expect to be an object of much general interest. Ladies who have won some prominence (call it either *notoriety* or *celebrity*) in their single life, often fall quite into the background when they change their names. But if true domestic happiness replace fame, the change is, indeed, for the better. Yes, I am thankful to say that my husband is in improved health and spirits. It makes me content and grateful to hear him, from time to time, avow his happiness in the brief but plain phrase of sincerity. My own life is more occupied than it used to be; I have not so much time for thinking: I am obliged to be more practical, for my dear Arthur is a very practical as well as a very punctual, methodical man. Every morning he is in the national school by nine o'clock; he gives the children religious instruction till half past ten. Almost every afternoon he pays visits amongst the poor parishioners. Of course he often finds a little work for his wife to do, and I hope she is not sorry to help him. I believe it is not bad for me that his bent should be so wholly towards matters of real life and active usefulness — so little inclined to the literary and contemplative. As to his continued affection and kind attention, it does not become me to say much of them; but as yet they neither change nor diminish. I wish, my dear Miss —, you had some kind, faithful companion to enliven your solitude at R—, some friend to whom to communicate your pleasure in the scenery, the fine weather, the pleasant walks. You never complain, never murmur, never seem otherwise than thankful; but I know you must miss a privilege none could more keenly appreciate than yourself.

There are other letters like the foregoing, all speaking of the constant occupation of time which once hung heavily, all giving evidence that peace and love had made their home in her heart, all free from that strain of sadness which was so common in other years. One only of these letters, that written on the morrow of her last Christmas-day, need be quoted, however: —

HAWORTH, December 26th.

I return Mrs. —'s letter: it is as you say, very genuine, truthful, affectionate, *maternal*, without a taint of sham or exaggeration. She

will love her child without spoiling it, I think. She does not make an uproar about her happiness either. The longer I live the more I suspect exaggerations. I fancy it is sometimes a sort of fashion for each to vie with the other in protestations about their wondrous felicity — and sometimes they *fib*! I am truly glad to hear you are all better at B—. In the course of three or four weeks, now, I expect to get leave to come to you. I certainly long to see you again. One circumstance reconciles me to this delay — the weather. I do not know whether it has been as bad with you as with us; but here for three weeks we have had little else than a succession of hurricanes . . . You inquire after Mrs. Gaskell. She has not been here, and I think I should not like her to come now till summer. She is very busy now with her story of "North and South." I must make this note very short. Arthur joins me in sincere good wishes for a happy Christmas and many of them to you and yours. He is well, thank God, and so am I; and he is "my dear boy" certainly — dearer now than he was six months ago. In three days we shall actually have been married that length of time.

There was not much time for literary labors during these happy months of married life. The wife, new to her duties, was engaged in mastering them with all the patience, self-suppression, and industry which had characterized her throughout her life. Her husband was now her first thought; and he took the time which had formerly been devoted to reading, study, thought, and writing. But occasionally the pressure she was forced to put upon herself was very severe. Mr. Nicholls had never been attracted towards her by her literary fame; with literary effort, indeed, he had no sympathy, and upon the whole he would rather that his wife should lay aside her pen entirely than that she should gain any fresh triumphs in the world of letters. So she submitted, and with cheerful courage repressed that "gift" which had been her solace in sorrows deep and many. Yet once "the spell" was too strong to be resisted, and she hastily wrote a few pages of a new story called "Emma," in which once more she proposed to deal with her favorite theme — the history of a friendless girl. One would fain have seen how she would have treated her subject, now that "the color of her thoughts" had been changed, and that a happy marriage had introduced her to a new phase of that life which she had studied so closely and so constantly.

But it was not to be. On January 19, when she had returned to Haworth, after a short visit to Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's, she wrote to her friend saying that her

health had been very good ever since her return from Ireland till about ten days before, when a sudden change had taken place, and continual attacks of faintness and sickness had set in. Those around her were not alarmed at first. They hoped that before long all would be well with her again; they could not believe that the joys of which she had just begun to taste were about to be snatched away. But her weakness grew apace; the sickness knew no abatement; and a deadly fear began to creep into the hearts of husband and father. She was soon so weak that she was compelled to remain in bed, and from that "dreary bed" she wrote two or three faint pencil notes which still exist—the last pathetic chapters in that lifelong correspondence from which we have gathered so many extracts. In one of them, which Mrs. Gaskell has published, she says: "I want to give you an assurance which I know will comfort you—and that is that I find in my husband the tenderest nurse, the kindest support, the best earthly comfort, that ever woman had. His patience never fails, and it is tried by sad days and broken nights." In another, the last, she says: "I cannot talk—even to my dear, patient, constant Arthur I can say but few words at once." One dreary March morning, when frosts still bound the earth and no spring sun had come to gladden the hearts of those who watched for summer, her friend received another letter, written, not in the neat, minute hand of Charlotte Brontë, but in her father's tremulous characters:—

HAWORTH, near KEIGHLEY,  
March 30th, 1855.

MY DEAR MADAM,

We are all in great trouble, and Mr. Nicholls so much so that he is not sufficiently strong and composed to be able to write. I therefore devote a few lines to tell you that my dear daughter is very ill, and apparently on the verge of the grave. If she could speak she would no doubt dictate to us whilst answering your kind letter. But we are left to ourselves to give what answer we can. The doctors have no hope of her case, and fondly as we a long time cherished hope, that hope is now gone, and we have only to look forward to the solemn event with prayer to God that he will give us grace and strength sufficient unto our day.

Ever truly and respectfully YOURS,  
P. BRONTË.

The following day, March 31st, 1855, the blinds were drawn once again at Haworth parsonage; the last and greatest of the children of the house had passed away; and the brilliant name of Charlotte

Brontë had become a name and nothing more! "We are left to ourselves," said Mr. Brontë in the letter I have just quoted—and so it was. Not the glory only, but the light, had fled from the parsonage where the childless father and the widowed husband sat together beside their dead. Of all the dreary and desolate spots upon that wild Yorkshire moorland there was none now so dreary and so desolate as the house which had once been the home of Charlotte Brontë.

## XII.

No apology need be offered for any single feature of Charlotte Brontë's life or character. She was what God made her in the furnace of sore afflictions and yet more sore temptations; her life, instinct with its extraordinary individuality, was notwithstanding always subject to exterior influences, for the existence of which she was not responsible, and which more than once threatened to change the whole nature and purpose of her being; her genius, which brought forth its first-fruits under the cold shade of obscurity and adversity, was developed far more largely by sorrow, loneliness, and pain, than by the success which she gained in so abundant a degree. There are features of her character which we can scarcely comprehend, for the existence of which we are unable to account; and there are features of her genius which jar upon our sympathies and ruffle our conventional ideas; but for neither will one word of apology or excuse be offered by any who really know and love this great woman.

The fashion which exalted her to such a pinnacle of fame, like many another fashion, has lost its vitality; and the present generation, wrapped in admiration of another school of fiction, has consigned the works of Currer Bell to a premature sepulchre. But her friends need not despair; for from that dreary tomb of neglect an hour of resurrection must come, and the woman who has given us three of the most masterful books of the century, will again assert her true position in the literature of her country. We hear nothing now of the "immorality" of her writings. Younger people if they turn from the sparkling or didactic pages of the most popular of recent stories to "Jane Eyre," or "Villette," in the hope of finding there some stimulant which may have power to tickle their jaded palates, will search in vain for anything that even borders upon impropriety—as we understand the word in these enlightened days—and



they will form a queer conception of the generation of critics which denounced Currer Bell as the writer of immoral works of fiction. But it is said that there is coarseness in her stories "otherwise so entirely noble." Even Mrs. Gaskell has assented to the charge; and it is generally believed that Charlotte Brontë, as a writer, though not immoral in tone, was rude in language and coarse in thought. The truth, however, is, that this so-called coarseness is nothing more than the simplicity and purity, the straightforwardness and unconsciousness which an unspotted heart naturally displays in dealing with those great problems of life which, alas! none who have drunk deep of the waters of good and evil can ever handle with entire freedom from embarrassment. An American writer\* has spoken of Charlotte Brontë as "the great pre-Raphaelite among women, who was not ashamed or afraid to utter what God had shown her, and was too single-hearted of aim to swerve one hairbreadth in duplicating nature's outlines." She was more than this, however. She was bold enough to set up a standard of right of her own; and when still the unknown daughter of the humble Yorkshire parson, she could stir the hearts of readers throughout the world with the trumpet-note of such a declaration as this: "Conventionality is not morality; self-righteousness is not religion; to pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." Let it be remembered that these words were written nearly thirty years ago, when conventionalism was still a potent influence in checking the free utterance of our inmost opinions; and let us be thankful that in that heroic band to whom we owe the emancipation of English thought, a woman holds an honorable place.

Writing of her life just after it had closed, her friend Miss Martineau said of her, "In her vocation she had, in addition to the deep intuitions of a gifted woman, the strength of a man, the patience of a hero, and the conscientiousness of a saint." Those who know her best will apply to her personal character the epithets which Miss Martineau reserved for her career as an author. It has been my object in these pages to supplement the picture painted in Mrs. Gaskell's admirable biography by the addition of one or two features, slight in themselves, perhaps, and yet not unimportant when the effect

of the whole as a faithful portrait is considered. Charlotte Brontë was not naturally a morbid person; in youth she was happy and high-spirited; and up to the last moment of her life she had a serene strength and cheerfulness which seldom deserted her, except when acute physical suffering was added to her mental pangs. If her mind could have been freed from the depressing influences exerted on it by her frail and suffering body, it would have been one of the healthiest and most equable minds of our age. As it was, it showed itself able to meet the rude buffetings of fate without shrinking and without bravado; and the woman who is to this day regarded by the world at large as a marvel of self-conscious genius and of unchecked morbidness, was able to her dying hour to take the keenest, liveliest interest in the welfare of her friends, to pour out all her sympathy wherever she believed that it was needed and deserved, and to lighten the grim parsonage at Haworth by a presence which, in the sacred recesses of her home, was bright and cheerful, as well as steadfast and calm.

"Do not underrate her oddity," said a gifted friend who knew her during her heyday of fame, while these pages were being written. Her oddity, it must be owned, was extreme — so far as the world could judge. But I have striven to show how much this eccentricity was outward and superficial only, due in part to the peculiar conditions of her early life, but chiefly to the excessive shyness in the presence of strangers which she shared with her sisters. At heart, as some of these letters will show, she was one of the truest women who ever breathed; and her own heart-history was by no means so exceptional, so far removed from the heart-history of most women, as the public believes.

The key to her character was simple and unflinching devotion to duty. Once she failed, or, rather, once she allowed inclination to blind her as to the true direction of the path of duty, and that single failure colored the whole of her subsequent life. But her own condemnation of herself was more sharp and bitter than any which could have been passed upon her by the world, and from that one venial error she drew lessons which enabled her henceforward to live with a steady, constant power of self-sacrifice at her command such as distinguishes saints and heroes rather than ordinary men and women. Hot, impulsive, and tenacious in her affections, she suffered those whom

\* Harper's *New Monthly Magazine*, February, 1866.

she loved the most dearly to be torn from her without losing faith in herself or in God; tenderly sensitive as to the treatment which her friends received, she repaid the cruelty and injustice of her father towards the man whose heart she had won, by a depth of devotion and self-sacrifice which can only be fully estimated by those who know under what bitter conditions it was lavished upon an unworthy parent; bound, as all the children of genius are, by the spell of her own imagination, she was yet able during the closing months of her life to lay aside her pen, and give herself up wholly, at the desire of her husband, to those parish duties which had such slight attractions for her. Those who, knowing these facts, still venture to assert that the virtues which distinguished Currer Bell the author were lacking in Charlotte Brontë the woman, must have minds warped by deep-rooted and unworthy prejudices.

I have expressed my conviction that the comparative neglect from which "Jane Eyre" and its sister works now suffer is only temporary. It is true that in some respects these books are not attractive. Though they are written with a terse vigor which must make them grateful to all whose palates are cloyed by the pretty writing of the present generation, they undoubtedly err on the side of a lack of literary polish. And though the portraits presented to us in their pages are wonderful as works of art, unsurpassed as studies of character, the range of the artist is a limited one, and for the most part the subjects chosen are not the most pleasing that could have been conceived. Yet one great and striking merit belongs to this masterly painter of men and women, which is lacking in some who, treading to a certain extent in her footsteps, have achieved even a wider and more brilliant reputation. There is no taint of the dissecting-room about her books; we are never invited to admire the supreme cleverness of the operator who with unsparing knife lays bare before us the whole cunning mechanism of the soul which is stretched under the scalpel; nor are we bidden to pause and listen to those didactic moralizings which belong rather to the preacher or the lecturer than the novelist. It is the artist, not the anatomist who is instructing us; and after all we may derive a more accurate knowledge of men and women as they are from the cartoons of a Raphael than from the most elaborate diagrams or sections of the most eminent of physiologists.

Perhaps no merit is more conspicuous in Charlotte Brontë's writings than their unswerving honesty. Writing always "under the spell," at the dictation as it were of an invisible and superior spirit, she would never write save when "the fit was upon her" and she had something to say. "I have been silent lately because I have accumulated nothing since I wrote last," is a phrase which fell from her on one occasion. Save when she believed that she had accumulated something, some truth which she was bound to convey to the world, she would not touch her pen. She had every temptation to write fast and freely. Money was needed at home, and money was to be had by the mere production of novels which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, were certain to sell. But she withstood the temptation bravely, withstood it even when it came strengthened by the supplications of her friends, and from first to last she gave the world nothing but her best. This honesty — rare enough unfortunately among those whose painful lot it is to coin their brains into money — was carried far beyond these limits. When in writing she found that any character had escaped from her hands — and every writer of fiction knows how easily this may happen — she made no attempt to finish the portrait according to the canons of literary art. She waited patiently for fresh light; studying deeply in her waking hours, dreaming constantly of her task during her uneasy slumbers, until perchance the light she needed came and she could go on. But if it came not she never pretended to supply the place of this inspiration of genius by any clever trick of literary workmanship. The picture was left unfinished — perfect so far as it went, but broken off at the point at which the author's keen intuitions had failed or fled from her. Nor when her work was done would she consent to alter or amend at the bidding of others; for the sake of no applause, of no success, would she change the fate of any of her characters as they had been fixed in the crucible of her genius. Even when her father exerted all his authority to secure another ending to the tale of "Villette," he could only, as we have seen, persuade his daughter to veil the catastrophe. The hero was doomed; and Charlotte, whatever might be her own inclination, could not save him from his fate. Books so true, so honest, so simple, so thorough, as these, depend for their ultimate fate upon no transitions of fashion, no caprices of the public taste. They will hold their own as the slow-born

fruits of a great genius, long after the productions of a score of facile pens now able to secure the world's attention have been utterly forgotten. The daring and passion of "Jane Eyre," the broad human sympathies, sparkling humor, and graphic portraiture of "Shirley," and the steady, patient, unsurpassed concentration of power which distinguishes "Villette," can hardly cease to command admiration whilst the literature of this century is remembered and studied.

But when we turn from the author to the woman, from the written pages to the writer, and when, forgetting the features and fortunes of those who appear in the romances of Currer Bell, we recall that touching story which will forever be associated with Haworth parsonage and with the great family of the Brontës, we see that the artist is greater than her works, that the woman is nobler and purer than the writer, and that by her life, even more than by her labors, the author of "Jane Eyre" must always teach us those lessons of courage, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance of which our poor humanity stands in such pressing and constant need.

T. WEMYSS REID.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE LAWS OF DREAM-FANCY.

THE phenomena of dreams may well seem at first sight to form a world of their own, having no discoverable links of connection with the other facts of human experience. First of all there is the mystery of sleep, which quietly shuts all the avenues of sense and so isolates the mind from contact with the world outside. To gaze at the motionless face of a sleeper temporarily rapt, so to speak, from the life of sight, sound, and movement, which, being common to all, binds us together in mutual recognition and social action, has always something awe-inspiring. How unlike that external inaction, that torpor of sense and muscle, to the familiar waking life with its quick responsiveness and its overflowing energy! And then if we look at dreams from the inside, so to speak, we seem to find but the obverse face of the mystery. How inexpressibly strange does the late night-dream seem to one on waking. He feels he has been sojourning in an unfamiliar world, with an order of sights and a sequence of events quite unlike those of waking experience, and he asks himself in his perplexity

where that once visited region really lies, or by what magic power it was suddenly created for his fleeting vision. In truth, the very name of dream suggests something remote and mysterious, and when we want to characterize some impression or scene which by its passing strangeness filled us with wonder, we naturally call it dreamlike.

The earliest theories respecting dreams illustrate very clearly this perception of the remoteness of dream-life from waking experience. The view held in common by the ancient world, according to Artemidorus, was that dreams were dim previews of coming events. This great authority on dream-interpretation (*oneirocritics*) actually defines a dream as "a motion or fiction of the soul in a diverse form signifying either good or evil to come;" and even a logician like Porphyry ascribed dreams to the influence of a good demon, who thereby warns us of the evils which another and bad demon is preparing for us.\* The same mode of viewing dreams is quite common to-day, and many who pride themselves on a certain intellectual culture, and who imagine themselves to be free from the weakness of superstition, are apt to talk of dreams as of something uncanny, if not distinctly ominous. Nor is it surprising that phenomena which at first sight look so wild and unconditioned should still pass for miraculous interruptions of the natural order of events.

Yet in spite of this obvious and impressive element of the mysterious in dream-life, the scientific impulse to illuminate the less known by the better known has long since begun to play on this obscure subject. Even in the ancient world a writer might here and there be found, like Democritus or Aristotle, who was bold enough to put forward a natural and physical explanation of dreams. But it has been the work of modern science to provide something like an approximate solution of the problem. The careful study of mental life in its intimate union with bodily operations, and the comparison of dream-combinations with other products of the imagination, normal as well as morbid, have gradually helped to dissolve a good part of the mystery which once hung like an opaque mist about the subject. In this way our dream-operations have been found to have a much closer connection with our waking experiences than could be supposed on a superficial view. The quaint

\* A good deal of interesting information respecting dream-theories may be found in Mr. Frank Seafeld's work, "The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams."

chaotic play of images in dreams has been shown to illustrate mental processes and laws which are distinctly observable in waking thought, more especially the apparent objective reality of these visions has been accounted for, without the need of any supernatural cause, in the light of a vast assemblage of facts gathered from the by-ways, so to speak, of waking mental life.

We do not mean to say that dreams are even now fully explained. Were this so, the motive of the present essay would be wanting. Both the physiology and psychology of the subject are far from complete. This is seen in a striking manner in the present insolubility of the question — so frequently discussed since the time of Locke — whether dreams are co-extensive with sleep, or whether they are confined to the intermediate stages of imperfect slumber. While many physiologists incline to the latter view, some few — among whom we may name Sir Henry Holland — go with Leibnitz and the Cartesians in upholding the former supposition. The incompleteness of the physiological interpretation is seen, too, in the divided state of opinion respecting the precise physical conditions of sleep.\* The most that can be called commonly accepted truth is that sleep is produced by a temporary congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain. But the precise steps by which this result is brought about are still unknown. With respect to the physiological conditions of dreams, there seems to be still less certainty. It is assumed of course that every dream answers to some partial and locally circumscribed excitation of the brain substance, but what may be the precise mode of this "automatic" activity is altogether a matter of conjecture. All that can be obtained is some more or less ingenious hypotheses, as for example the one recently put forward by Wundt, that the cerebral excitations are caused by the retardation of the circulation within the blood-vessels of the brain and the presence in the blood thus arrested of numerous products of decomposition.†

Such being the uncertainty of the physiological theory of dreams, it seems better for one who is not a physiologist to approach the subject from the other and

psychological side. And this line of inquiry is all the more inviting inasmuch as psychologists are by no means agreed respecting the precise mental structure of dreams. It is seen by all that the play of mental function in dreams differs considerably from the exercises of the waking mind; but there is great difference of opinion as to the precise nature and amount of this difference. For example it is maintained by some that reason and will are wholly excluded from dreams.

Dreams are the interludes which Fancy makes, When monarch Reason sleeps this mimic wakes.

Others, again, among whom we may name the late Dr. Symonds, hold that dreams differ from waking thought, not in the number of faculties employed, but in the less degree of completeness of the mental processes. There is thus an opening for a careful psychological reconsideration of the phenomenon, and this is what I propose to effect in the present essay.

For our present purpose a dream may, perhaps, be defined as a group or series of groups of vivid imaginative representations of sensory, motor and emotional experiences, which simulates the form of real perceptions, and which, while appearing as a connected whole, presents its various elements in combinations very dissimilar to those of waking experience. There seem to be three main problems involved in this statement of the phenomenon. First of all, it may be asked, whence the mind of the sleeper draws the various elements of its dreams. Secondly, one may inquire into the causes of the exceptional order of sequence and the strange forms of composition, in which the images of the sleeper are wont to present themselves. Lastly, the question may be raised, why these products of imagination should be taken by the dreamer for objective realities.

Since the last problem is the one which is best understood, and has been most adequately explained, it may be well to dismiss it at once by a few remarks, after which we shall be free to concentrate our attention on the other and more intricate questions.

Modern psychology has taught us to regard the difference between a sensation and an idea, a perception and an imagination, as one of degree and not of kind. Our mental image of the setting sun, for example, is said to be simply a faint copy of the impressions produced by the real object in visual perception. Hence,

\* "The proximate cause of sleep has ever been a disputed question." (Article entitled "Pathology of Sleep" in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, 1852.) This remark is quite as pertinent now as when it was written.

† *Physiologische Psychologie*, pp. 183-191.

though there is in the normal mind a clear and broad distinction between the two classes of mental phenomena, there is a considerable margin within which the two tend to become confused and scarcely distinguishable. One part of this region of incomplete separation lies in normal perception itself, for this operation always involves an element of representation or idea, though it seems to be altogether real and immediate. Thus when I appear to myself to see the downy softness of a rose's petal, I am in truth only vividly imagining it by help of previous sensations of touch.

The great field, however, for this confusion of idea and sensation is to be found in all excited states of the imagination, including pathological conditions. Under these circumstances, pure fancies of the mind, by acquiring a certain degree of vividness and persistence, become mistaken for real perceptions. Many excitable persons cannot read a ghost-story at a late hour of the evening without danger of a momentary illusion that they see or hear something uncanny and supernatural. In mental disorders the mistaking of some imagination for a real fact is one of the commonest symptoms. Whether the evil be a passing state of nervous irritability due to fatigue and exhaustion, or a permanent condition of mania, there is the same tendency to mistake a mental fiction for a fact, an imaginative representation for an immediate presentation. It is this last kind of effect which has the closest connection with dreams, and it will be well to try to elucidate it yet a little further.

In the normal mind our most vivid imaginations are prevented from imposing on us by what M. Taine calls the "corrective" of a present sensation.\* When, for example, the weary prisoner indulges in a pleasing fancy picture of his home and family, the perception of the narrow boundaries of his cell at once corrects the tendency to illusion. So long as real sensations are present to the mind, and there is any distinguishable difference between the sensations and the images, so long is it difficult to lapse into this state of illusion. This result may occur either when the imagination has reached such an intensity as to be no longer distinguishable from the sensations of the moment, as in the

illusions and hallucinations of the insane, or when, on the other hand, actual sensations are removed, so that the various fancies which run to the mind lack their proper corrective. In other words, ideas are recognized as such through a certain ratio of intensity to actual sensations; they fail to be recognized when this ratio is obliterated either by the elevation of the idea in intensity, or by the obscurity of the sensation.

It seems probable that the apparent reality of dream-fancy is a result of both these circumstances. One thing is certain, that when sleeping we are deprived to a large extent of external sensations, so that the mind loses its normal standard of comparison. On the other hand, it is exceedingly likely, if not certain, that the imaginations of our dreaming states have an absolute as well as a relative increase of intensity. It seems to be a plausible supposition that the cerebral elements excited in dream-activity have an extraordinary degree of irritability, so that the stimulation of them, however it be effected, has as its consequence a peculiar intensity of the corresponding ideas. These considerations appear fully to account for the seeming reality of our dreaming fancies.

We may now pass to the more intricate question respecting the sources and originating impulses of our dream-fancies.

David Hartley says the elements of dreams are derived from the three following sources: (a) impressions and ideas lately received; (b) states of the body, especially of the stomach during sleep; and (c) ideas restored by association. This serves very well as a rough classification of the exciting causes of dream-images, though recent psychology, assisted by physiological experiment, may enable one to supply a more elaborate scheme.

The exciting causes of dream-imagery may be broadly divided into two large classes, peripheral and central stimulations. By the former are meant those excitations which have their seat in the outlying parts of the nervous system, namely, the organs of sense, the muscular apparatus, and the vital organs, together with the external portions of the nerves connected with these. Central stimulations are such as do not depend in any way on these peripheral actions, but arise within the encephalic region itself. They are of two kinds, direct and indirect stimulations. The former depend entirely on the condition of the nerve elements (cells and connecting fibres) acted upon, and on the unknown influences (say those of the con-

\* M. Taine supposes that every image tends to pass into the semblance of an external perception, though in normal waking states this tendency is opposed and overcome by the stronger contradictory tendency of the sensation of the moment. ("On Intelligence," Part I., P. 52.)



tents of the blood-vessels) exerted on them at the moment. The indirect stimulations arise as an extension of some previous excitation in the same or in some connected cerebral region. The former underlie many of the apparently spontaneous revivals of images of dreaming, and those fancies which depend on a recent impression or idea. The latter are the substratum of all ideas which rise in dream-consciousness through some link of association with a previous mental element, whether idea or sensation. Let us now review each of these classes in greater detail, and illustrate them by examples.

First of all, then, we have to examine how the several kinds of peripheral excitation brought about in the state of sleep, serve as the prompters of dream-image. And here the question which first suggests itself is, whether actual sensations produced by external stimuli on the organs of sense play any part in this production. It is commonly supposed that the channels of our senses are wholly stopped during sleep, but this idea is incorrect. All of us probably can recall dreams in which a noise, a light, or an odor, was an exciting cause. The bark of a dog, or the ticking of one's watch, frequently prompts the precise direction of dream-fancy. Dr. Beattie speaks of a man who could be made to dream about any subject by gently talking of it in his ear when sleeping. For our knowledge of the extent to which sensation may feed, so to speak, dream-fancy, we are greatly indebted to the researches of M. Ali. Maury, described in his elaborate and highly interesting volume entitled "*Le Sommeil et les Rêves*." M. Maury made experiments on this subject by engaging a coadjutor to employ appropriate sensory stimuli on his organs of hearing and touch while he was asleep, immediately after which he was to be roused, so as to record the dream of the time. The results were very curious. When his lips were tickled, he dreamt that a pitch-plaster was being torn from his face and lips; when a pair of tweezers was made to vibrate near his ear, he dreamt of bells, the tocsin, and of the events of June, 1843. The connection between the dream-fancy and the external sensation in these cases is sufficiently plain. It is probable that the sensations of touch and pressure due to the contact of the various bodily parts with their surroundings, and with one another, during sleep, are potent influences in the origination of dreams.

Along with objective sensations due to the action of external stimuli on the sen-

sory organs, we must reckon subjective sensations which arise from internal stimulation within the organ itself. It is known that when all external light is withdrawn from the eye, the optic nerve remains in a state of partial excitation. Hence the phantasies which often float before the eye in the dark, and which Goethe and Johannes Müller were able to observe at will with great distinctness. These subjective images commonly arise, according to Helmholtz, from varying pressure on the nerve exerted by the blood in the retinal vessels, or from a chemical action of the blood owing to its altered composition. Similarly it has been maintained that the extremities of the nerves of hearing, smell, and taste, may be acted on in the absence of properly external causes. Thus the flow of blood in the vessels of the ear is heard as a dull roar, and the changing condition of the saliva on the surface of the tongue and palate may give rise to distinct sensations of taste. Once more, variations in the state of the circulation and functional activity of the skin are accompanied with a number of sensations as of objects touching, tickling, or creeping over its surface. All these subjective sensations probably furnish a considerable part of the raw material of dreams. Though little remarked during waking hours, when the mind is controlled by the more powerful excitations occasioned by external objects and their movements, these vague feelings may be impressive elements in the circumscribed consciousness of the sleeper. More particularly the predominance of visual imagery in dream-fancy, which is expressed in one of the commonest names for a dream, namely, "vision," points to the conclusion that the subjective stimulations of the optic nerve—which may be intensified during sleep by the condition of the retinal blood-vessels—play a prominent part in dream-production. This conjecture is confirmed, as Wundt has recently pointed out, by the fact that we so often see in our dreams a multitude of like or exactly similar objects, for such a crowd of images exactly answers to the diffused "light-chaos" which often reveals itself to the waking eye with the most complete external darkness.

Next to the influence of actions on the extremities of the nerves of sense, there comes that of excitations of the nerves which are connected with the voluntary muscles, and which regulate our various movements. We need not enter into the difficult question how far the "muscular sense" is connected with the activity of

the motor nerves, and how far with sensory fibres attached to the muscular or the adjacent tissues. Suffice it to say, that an actual movement, a resistance to an attempted movement, or a mere disposition to movement, whether consequent on a surplus of motor energy or on a sensation of discomfort or fatigue in the part to be moved, somehow or other makes itself known to our minds even when we are deprived of the assistance of vision. And these feelings of active energy and of movement are common initial impulses in our dream-experiences. It is quite a mistake to suppose that dreams are built up out of the purely passive sensations of sight and hearing. A close observation will show that in nearly every dream we imagine ourselves either moving among the objects we perceive or striving to move when some weighty obstacle obstructs us. All of us are familiar with the common forms of nightmare in which we strive hopelessly to flee from some menacing evil, and this fancy, it may be presumed, frequently comes from a feeling of strain in the muscles, due to an awkward disposition of the limbs during sleep. The common dream-illusion of falling down a vast abyss is referred by Wundt to an involuntary extension of the foot of the sleeper, and the scarcely less common imagination of flight to the rhythmic play of the semi-voluntary movements of respiration.

Besides the sensations received through the proper organs of sense and the feelings connected with the muscles, our dream-consciousness is liable to be stimulated by numerous other feelings called "systemic" or "organic" sensations, which are attached to the activities of the various bodily organs. Examples of this effect will readily recur to the reader who has been accustomed to reflect but very slightly on his dreams. Not to speak of the famous dream which Hood traces to an excessive indulgence at supper the preceding evening, one may recall the many dreams excited by feelings of oppression in the heart and lungs, by sensations of pain and giddiness in the head, by toothache and so on. A German writer, Herr Volkelt, in an interesting volume on "Dream-Fancy,"\* says it is not uncommon for a faint sensation of toothache to prompt images having a certain resemblance to the two rows of teeth, and quotes such a dream from Scherner, in which there appeared two rows of fair boys standing opposite one another, then attacking one another, re-

suming their original position, and so on. The present writer has frequently had grotesque fancies, such as that all his teeth became suddenly loose and fell out, which he has afterwards been able to connect with sensations of the teeth and gums. Sensations of temperature are very apt to give a direction to dream-fancy. A feeling of excessive warmth suggests images of stoves, furnaces, burning houses, and so on. Many dreams are distinctly traceable to varying conditions of the several secreting organs and of the conducting apparatus of the excretions. Into these we need not enter. Enough has probably been said to show how large a quantity of material our dream-fancy derives from this lower region of bodily sensation.

We may now pass to the second great fountain of dream-life, the cerebral excitations, which are central or automatic, not depending on movements transmitted from the periphery of the nervous system. Of these stimulations the first class is direct, and must be supposed to be due to some unknown influence exerted by the state of nutrition of the cerebral elements, or the action of the contents of the blood-vessels on these elements. That such action does prompt a large number of dream-images may be regarded as fairly certain. First of all, it seems impossible to account for all the images of dreaming fancy as secondary phenomena connected by many and various links of association with the foregoing classes of sensation. However fine and invisible many of the threads which hold together our ideas may be, they will hardly explain, one suspects, the profusion and picturesque variety of dream-imagery. Secondly, we are able in certain cases to infer with a fair amount of certainty that our dream-image is due to such central stimulation. The common occurrence that we dream of the persons and events, of the anxieties and enjoyments of the preceding day, appears to show that when the cerebral elements are predisposed to a certain kind of activity, as they are after having been engaged for some time in this particular work, they are liable to be excited by some stimulating influence brought to bear on them during sleep. And if this is so, it is not improbable that many of the apparently forgotten images of persons and places which return with such vividness in dreams are excited by a mode of stimulation which is for the greater part confined to sleep. I say "for the greater part," because even in our indolent, listless moments of waking existence such seemingly forgotten ideas

\* *Die Traum-Phantasie*. By Dr. Johannes Volkelt.

sometimes return as though by a spontaneous movement of their own and by no discoverable play of association.

The second division of these central stimulations, which I have called the indirect, includes no doubt a very large number of our dream-images. There must, of course, be always some primary cerebral excitation, whether that of a present peripheral stimulation, or that which has been termed central and spontaneous; but when once this first link of the imaginative chain is supplied, other links may be added in large numbers through the operation of the forces of association. One may indeed safely say that the large proportion of the contents of every dream arrive in this way. The simplest type of dream excited by a present sensation contains these elements. Thus when the present writer dreamt, as a consequence of a loud barking in the night, that a dog approached him when lying down, and began to lick his face, the play of the associative forces was apparent. A mere sensation of sound called up the appropriate visual image, this again the representation of a characteristic action, and so on. So it is with the dreams whose first impulse is some central or spontaneous excitation. A momentary sight of a face, or even the mention of a name, during the preceding day, may give the start to dream-activity; but all subsequent members of the series owe their revival to a tension, so to speak, in the fine threads which bind together, in so complicated a way, our impressions and ideas.

The subject of mental association naturally conducts us to the next problem in the interpretation of dream-life, the laws which govern the ordering and shaping of the various elements of our dream-pictures. It is commonly said that dreams are a grotesque dissolution of all order, a very chaos and whirl of images without any discoverable connection. On the other hand, a few claim for the mind in sleep a power of arranging and grouping its incongruous elements in definite, even though very unlikelike, sensuous representations. Each of these views is correct within certain limits; that is to say, there are dreams in which the strangest disorder seems to prevail, and others in which one detects the action of a central control. Yet, speaking generally, sequences of dream-thought are determined by certain circumstances and laws, and so far are not haphazard and wholly chaotic. We have now to inquire into the laws of these successions; and, first of all, may ask how far the known

laws of association, together with the peculiar conditions of the sleeping state, are able to account for the various modes of dream-combination. We have already regarded mental association as adding a new and large store of dream-imagery; we have now to consider it as giving a certain direction or order of succession to our dream-elements.

First of all, then, in the case of all the less elaborately ordered dreams, in which sights and sounds appear to succeed one another in the wildest dance, the mind may be regarded as purely passive, and the mode of sequence be referred to the action of association complicated by the ever-recurring introduction of new initial impulses, both peripheral and central. These are the dreams in which we are conscious of being perfectly passive, either as spectators of a strange pageant, or as borne away by some apparently extraneous force through a series of the most diverse experiences. The flux of images in these dreams is very much the same as that in certain waking conditions, in which we relax attention, both external and internal, and yield ourselves to the spontaneous play of memory and fancy.

If the reader thinks it impossible that all the most incoherent successions of dreams are due to certain mental laws, he should carefully study the nature and range of the principles of association. According to these, any idea may, under certain circumstances, call up another, if the corresponding impressions have only once occurred together, or if the ideas have any degree of resemblance, or, finally, if only they stand in marked contrast with one another. Any accidental coincidence of events, such as meeting a person at a particular foreign resort, and any insignificant resemblance between objects, sounds, etc., may thus supply a path, so to speak, from fact to dream-fancy. In our waking states these innumerable outlets are practically closed by the supreme energy of the coherent groups of impressions furnished us from the world without through our organs of sense, and also by the volitional control of internal thought in obedience to the pressure of practical needs and desires. In dream-life both of these influences are withdrawn, so that delicate threads of association, which have no chance, so to speak, in our waking states, now exert their fine potency. Little wonder then that the ties which hold together these dream-pictures should escape detection, since even in our waking thought we so often fail to see the connec-

tion which makes us pass in recollection from a name to a visible scene, or perhaps to an emotional vibration.

It is worth considering for a moment how great an apparent disorder must break in on our thought when the binding force of resemblance has unchecked play. In waking thought we have to connect things according to their essential resemblance, classifying objects and events for purposes of knowledge or action, according to their widest or their most important points of similarity. In sleep, on the contrary, the slightest touch of resemblance may engage the mind and affect the direction of its fancy. In a sense we may be said, when dreaming, to *discover* mental affinities between impressions and feelings. Among these links of affinity we must not overlook those which hold together analogous states of feeling, as bodily uneasiness and emotional distress. Many of the successions of ideas set in movement by bodily sensations during sleep are explained by this thread of connection.

The force of even the lesser degrees of similarity among impressions is well illustrated in many of those odd transformations of image which occur in dreams. A person often seems to our dream-fancy, by a kind of metempsychosis, to assume the shape of another, and the dreamer not unfrequently blends in this way his own bodily appearance with that of another. So scenes, such as brilliantly-lit halls, gay assemblages, impressive landscapes, melt away into others without any sensible break. Such "transformation scenes" answer probably to the transition of a mental image to another, when both have some element in common.

We do not pretend, be it understood, to explain why, in every case, the action of association should take this or that particular direction rather than some other. There are myriads of associative ramifications to some of our most familiar images, such as those of our relatives, homes, etc., and it is hopeless to attempt to say why one direction should be taken rather than another, and especially why a slender thread should pull, when a stronger cord fails to do so. To take an example, names, when heard in our waking moments, call up at once mental pictures of the corresponding objects, and our thought is carried away in this direction. In sleep, however, a familiar name may call up a similar name, and so produce the oddest sequence of ideas. Thus M. Maury tells us that he has passed from one set of images to another through some simi-

larity of names, as that between *corps* and *cor*.

In the absence of certain knowledge, we may have recourse to hypothesis, and attribute these seemingly random selections among many links of association to different degrees of irritability in the corresponding cerebral elements, and to various grades of stimulation exerted at the moment by the contents of the blood-vessels. We may easily suppose that, at any given moment, among many elements alike connected with some actually excited one, some are, from their state of nutrition or from their surrounding influences, more powerfully predisposed to excitation than others; and hence, it may be, the apparent arbitrariness of the associative forces in dreams.

One word, in completing this slight analysis of our more passive dreams, as to the influence of the peripheral and central stimulations on the course of dream-fancy. We may suppose that these initial impulsions are continually recurring during a dream, and so we may understand much of the incoherence of dream-succession. For example, I may be dreaming of a ball-room, with its dazzling brilliance and its interwoven movements. If at the same moment, consciousness is affected through a peripheral excitation by a sensation of a disagreeable sound, say the clatter of the window or the moaning of the wind, this may give rise to the oddest intermixture of images. I might, for example, dream on that somebody was beginning to shatter the furniture of the ball-room, or that it was suddenly invaded by a throng of wailing women, and so on.

Yet if the processes of association, together with the recurring interruption of these by peripheral or central excitations, account for one class of dream, they do not so easily explain the order of events in many of our more finished, one might almost say, more artistic dreams. Here the several parts of the dream appear somehow or other to fall together into a whole scene or series of events, which, though it may be very incongruous and absurdly impossible from a waking point of view, nevertheless makes a single object for the dreamer's internal vision. This plastic force, which selects and binds together our unconnected dream-images, has frequently been referred to as a mysterious spiritual faculty, under the name of "creative fancy." Thus Cudworth says, in his "Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality," "That dreams are many times begotten by the phantastical

power of the soul itself . . . is evident from the orderly connection and coherence of imagination which many times are continued in a long chain or series." One may find a good deal of mystical writing on the nature and activity of this faculty, especially in German literature. Let us see whether these higher operations in dream-construction can be analyzed into simpler mental actions.

In the first place, then, it is possible to give to association a more extended signification, so as to include operations which are frequently referred to the active reason. When, for example, the several impressions simultaneously made on my retina arrange themselves as elements of an external order, having certain space-relations of situation, distance, etc., the effect may be said to follow from the action of association. An impression received through any particular nerve-fibre represents, through numerous previous experiences, certain definite relations in space. Hence the perfect space-order which reigns in many of our dreams, and which serves to give such a degree of objective reality to our fancies, must be referred to association as much as any accidental sequence of ideas. The only difference in this case is that the connection is so close and the revival of the associated factor so instantaneous. Owing to the predominance of visual images in dreams (which is doubtless connected with the special activity of the organ of vision in waking life, and with its high degree of susceptibility to subjective stimulation), these inferences respecting locality play an important part in dreams. It has often been asked, why, when dreaming, we tend to project our own feelings and bodily condition into other objects. The answer to this is probably to be found in the presence of visual sensations and images together with their objective and local interpretations.

But again, association may present itself, not simply as a definite tendency in an impression or idea to restore some second idea, but also as an indefinite tendency to restore some one among a group of ideas. For example, if, when walking in a dark night, a few points in my retina are suddenly impressed by rays of light, I am prepared, I may even expect to see something above and below, to the right and to the left of this object, that is to say, to have my retina impressed in the adjacent part. Why is this? In part, perhaps, because there is some innate understanding, so to speak, among all con-

tiguous nerve-fibres, which shows itself now and again in the curious phenomena of irradiation and associated sensations. In part, too, because in all my individual experience, the stimulation of any retinal point has been connected with the stimulation of adjoining points, either simultaneously, by some other object, or successively by the same object as the eye moves over it. Hence we can understand that when any optic fibres are excited during sleep, and images having corresponding *loci* in space float before the imagination, there is a predisposition to see other objects which arrange themselves in adjacent parts of the visible space. The particular visual image which happens to recur is, of course, determined by the special conditions of the moment, by bodily sensations or spontaneous central excitations, or lastly, by definite associations with preceding images. What this disposition to associative action among adjoining nerve-fibres of the same organ effects, is to give a certain local habitation to the image which happens to be thus revived.

Just as there are such dispositions to united action among various parts of one organ of sense, so there may be among different organs, which are either connected originally in the infant organism, or have communications opened up by frequent co-excitation of the two. Such links there certainly are between the organs of taste and smell, and between the ear and the muscular system. A new odor often sets us asking how the object would taste, and a series of sounds commonly disposes us to movement of some kind or another. How far there may be finer threads of connection between other organs, such as the eye and the ear, which do not betray themselves amid the stronger forces of waking mental life, one cannot say. Whatever their number, it is plain that they will exert their influence, within the comparatively narrow limits of dream-life, by giving a general bent to the order of those images which happen to be called up by special circumstances. Thus if I were dreaming that I heard some inspiring music, and at the same time an image of some friend was anyhow excited, my dream-fancy might not improbably make this person perform some strange sequence of movements.

A narrower field for these general associative dispositions may be found in the tendency, on the reception of an impression of a given character, to look for a certain kind of second impression; though



the exact nature of this is unknown. Thus, for example, the form and color of a new flower suggest a scent, and the perception of a human form vaguely calls up an idea of vocal utterances. These general tendencies of association appear to me to be most potent influences in our dream-life. The many strange human forms which float before our dream-fancy are apt to talk, move, and behave like familiar men and women, however little they resemble their actual prototypes, and however little individual consistency of character is preserved by each of them. Special conditions determine what they shall say or do; the general associative disposition accounts for their saying or doing something.

We thus seem to find in the purely passive processes of association some ground for that degree of natural coherence and rational order which our more mature dreams commonly possess. These processes explain, too, that old mixture of rationality with improbability, of natural order and incongruity, which characterizes our dream-combinations.

Nevertheless, I quite agree with Herr Volkelt that association, even in the most extended meaning, cannot explain all in the shaping of our dream-pictures. The "phantastical power" which Cudworth talks about clearly includes something besides. It is a gratuitous supposition that, when dreaming, there is no activity of will, and consequently no direction of the intellectual processes. This supposition, which has been maintained by numerous writers, from Dugald Stewart downwards, seems to be based on the fact that we frequently find ourselves in dreams striving in vain to move the whole body or a limb. But this only shows, as M. Maury remarks in the work already referred to, that our volitions are frustrated through the inertia of our bodily organs, not that these volitions do not take place. In point of fact, the dreamer, not to speak of the somnambulist, is often conscious of voluntarily going through a series of actions. This exercise of volition is shown unmistakably in the well-known recorded instances of extraordinary intellectual achievements in dreams, as Condillac's composition of a part of his "*Cours d'Etudes*." No one would maintain that such a process was possible in the absence of intellectual action carefully directed by the will. And something of this same control shows itself in all our more fully developed dreams.

The active side of the mind manifests

itself unmistakably in our dream-life in the form of *attention*. Although sleep involves the withdrawal of attention from the external channels of knowledge, it does not hinder its being concentrated on the internal processes of imaginative representation. In truth all who can recall their dreams know that they are frequently aware of having exercised their attention on the images presented to them in sleep. I frequently have a feeling on waking that I have been striving to see a beautiful object which threatened to escape my perceptions, or to catch faint and receding sounds of preternatural sweetness, and in some cases dreamers retain a recollection of the feeling of strain connected with the exercise of attention during dreaming.

Now this exercise of attention may either be a purely reflex action or may approximate to a properly voluntary operation. It is reflex when excited by the mere impressiveness of the image which happens to reveal itself to consciousness. In this case its effect is to fix and hold the image, and so to give it greater intensity, distinctness, and persistence. In other instances, this exercise of attention may bear a closer resemblance to the voluntary processes, properly so-called. This is the case when it serves to select one from among a crowd of competing images, on account of some relation of fitness to preceding stages of the dream. This selection is carried on rapidly and with the minimum of consciousness in the case of every creative poet, and its presence in dream-construction helps to account for that measure of coherence which certainly marks our most striking dreams.

There are two principal motives to this selective action of attention. The first is the impulse to seek unity and consistency among the heterogeneous elements of dream-consciousness; the second the instinct for an emotional harmony. A word or two will be sufficient to explain the operation of each of these forces.

Whenever we are attentively watching a scene or incident in waking life, we are continually looking on and anticipating the order of events; and this concentration of attention under the stimulating force of a more or less definite expectation has an appreciable effect on the subsequent perceptions. If, for example, a lover is eagerly expecting his mistress at some sylvan trysting-place, he will be very apt to see a lady's robe or face in any object which happens to have but the faintest resemblance to these things, such as a patch of

tree stripped of its bark.\* When our reasoning faculties are fully active, these momentary illusions are at once corrected by a new and more exact observation of the reality. But when sleeping the case is different. The image that happens to present itself to consciousness is not, like an external impression, something fixed and unchangeable so far as we are concerned. It is itself the product of internal imagination, and is therefore highly modifiable by any mental force brought to bear on it. This fact throws light on the influence of attention and expectation. The dreamer's mind is absorbed, we will suppose, in watching some shifting scene, as a procession or a battle. New images crowd in from the two sources of peripheral and central stimulation. The pre-existing group of images gives a certain bent to attention, disposing the mind to see in every new dream-object a connected element, an integral factor of the vision. Thus the degree of coherence which we commonly observe in our dreams, may be referred to the reciprocal modification of images by their respective associative forces, both definite and special and indefinite and general, under the controlling influence of attention, which again is stimulated by a semi-conscious impulse to secure unity. In this way whole scenes and chains of events are built up. When these aggregates reach a certain fulness and distinctness, they become dominant influences; so that any fresh intruding image is at once transformed and attached more or less closely to the previous group.

This process is clearly illustrated in a curious dream recorded by Professor Wundt. Before the house is a funeral procession: it is the burial of a friend, who has in reality been dead for some time past. The wife of the deceased bids him and a friend go to the other side of the street and join the procession. After she had gone away, his acquaintance remarks to him: "She only said that because the cholera rages over yonder, and she wants to keep this side of the street for herself." Then comes an attempt to flee from the region of the cholera. Returning to his house, he finds the procession gone, but the street strewn with rich nosegays, and there are crowds of men

who seem to be funeral attendants, and who, like himself, are hastening to join the procession. These are, oddly enough, dressed in red. When hurrying on, it occurs to him that he has forgotten to take a wreath for the coffin. Then he wakes up with beating of the heart.

The sources of this dream are, according to Wundt, as follows. First of all, he had, on the previous day, met the funeral procession of an acquaintance. Again, he had read of cholera breaking out in a certain town. Once more, he had spoken about the particular lady with this friend, who had narrated facts which proved the selfishness of the former. The hastening to flee from the infected neighborhood and to overtake the procession was prompted by the sensation of heart-beating. Finally, the crowd of red bier-followers, and the profusion of nosegays, owed their origin to subjective visual sensations — the "light-chaos" which often appears in the dark.

Let us now see for a moment how these various elements became fused into a connected chain of events. First of all, we may suppose the image of the procession occupies the dreamer's mind. From quite another source the image of the lady enters consciousness, bringing with it that of her deceased husband and of the friend who has recently been talking about her. These new elements adapt themselves to the scene, through the play of the reciprocal modifications already spoken of. Thus the idea of the lady's husband recalls the fact of his death, and the pre-existing scene easily suggests the idea that he is now the person buried. The next step is very interesting. The image of the lady is associated with the idea of selfish motives; this would tend to suggest a variety of actions, but the one which becomes a factor of the dream is that which is adapted to the other existing images, namely the procession on the further side of the street, and a vague representation of cholera (which last, like the image of the funeral, is due to an independent central excitation). That is to say, the request of the lady, and its interpretation, are a *resultant* of a number of reciprocal actions, under the sway of a lively internal attention. Once more, the feeling of oppression of the heart, and the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve might suggest numberless images besides those of anxious flight and of red-clad men and nosegays; they suggest these, and not others, in this case, through the force of the pre-existing mental images, which, acting through attention, select from among

\* When the sensation is less sharply defined, the play of ideas and of attention may serve to modify it to an almost unlimited extent. Thus Goethe tells us that he was able to impose a type on his subjective visual sensations or phantasms, transforming them into flowers, etc., according to his fancy.

many tendencies of reproduction those which are congruous with themselves.

It may be added that this process of adaptation and fusion is sometimes pursued with a fuller degree of conscious purpose. I am often able upon waking to recall a feeling of being confused by a crowd of incongruous images, and of striving to see their proper relations. And this endeavor probably includes the selection and powerful modification of the images according to the mutual attractions which they derive from the order of our past waking experiences.

Let us now glance at the second force, which contributes so greatly to the unity and coherence of our dream-pictures, the impulse to emotional harmony. If any emotion, whether of a pleasurable or a painful character, gets a certain footing in consciousness, it begins to play the tyrant in relation to our ideas and even our perceptions, by predisposing attention towards those mental images which harmonize with the state of feeling. This is not, strictly speaking, a case of the voluntary exercise of attention, since we often feel the result to be painful, and strive to turn our thoughts to other objects. Yet it is carried on in much the same way as though there were a deliberate resolve to select images of a certain emotional character. It is a common observation that a man carried away by fear can only represent to himself as probable or actual that which is terrible and which consequently nourishes the dominant emotion. The same is true in a less striking degree of the pleasurable emotions, as love. In the most ardent moments of affection, we are incapacitated for seeing what is not beautiful and lovable in the object of the affection. In this way a dominant feeling gives an emotional unity to the images of the brain; and this is the unity which holds together the many otherwise disconnected ideas of a lyric poem. Now, a state of feeling is so frequently at the foundation of our dreams that one might plausibly argue that there are no dreams which are not profoundly colored in this way. For my own part, at least, I find in all my recollected dreams the unmistakable traces of such a controlling influence. In the dream of Professor Wundt, already narrated, one may detect a certain thread of emotional unity. The influence of anxiety and fear, traceable probably to the sensations of the heart, binds together the images of the funeral, the cholera, the crafty design of the lady, the flight, and the omission to bring a wreath. In this way a further selective

and adaptative force is brought into play, which crosses and complicates the action of the others.

It is to be remarked that this emotional thread of unity does not necessarily consist of only one definite variety of feeling, such as love or terror. Feelings have certain affinities among themselves, apart from the common characters of the pleasurable and painful, by reason of which they easily pass the one into the other. Thus, the so-called bodily "feelings" have their analogous counterparts in "mental emotions." A state of bodily irritation is, as Mr. Darwin has remarked, very like the feeling of mental perplexity. The pleasurable elation which arises from the relief of bodily pressure, or the obstruction of an organic process, is closely akin to an emotion of liberty, or the joyous sense of success after difficulty and doubtful endeavor. Hence, if a certain state of feeling is anyhow excited, it may become the central point for a whole circle of variegated images. And this is what very frequently happens in dreams. An emotion of grief, caused by the recent death of a friend, may call up images of other distressing events, such as failure in some ambitious project, loss of property, and so on. The most common source of these emotional states during sleep is the region of bodily sensations, more particularly those of the painful class. Through their analogies with mental emotions these organic sensations excite or attract groups of widely-unlike images, agreeing only in their fitness to sustain one common tone of feeling. Every reflective dreamer will be able to trace these connecting threads in dreams which would otherwise seem to lack all coherence.

There is only one other aspect of dream-fancy which need occupy us here, and of this it will suffice to say very little. I refer to the tendency of dream-consciousness to magnify and exaggerate the feelings and images which present themselves. One side of this exaggeration has already been dealt with in accounting for the objective reality ascribed to dream-ideas. We have now to consider, not why these ideas should be taken for realities, but why they should be so disproportionate to the sensations and other feelings which are their exciting causes, and to the experiences of waking life which serve as their source and prototype. This characteristic of dream-fancy has frequently been dwelt on, and has been fully illustrated by Herr Volkelt in the work already referred to. To give an example or two. In interpreting

bodily sensations, there is often the most grotesque exaggeration. A movement of a foot is taken for a fall of the whole body down some terrible abyss. In M. Maury's experiments, as I have already remarked, when the sleeper's lips were tickled the sensation transformed itself into an imagination of some excruciating torture. Again, the objects of our waking emotions seem to grow and expand in our dreams. The sick friend who causes us a solicitude becomes to our dream-fancy overwhelmed with the most terrible sufferings, or the classic city in which we lately lingered returns to us in sleep, with its warm tints and picturesque outlines, beautiful above all earthly reality. To our frequent dream-terror forms appear of so vast a size and dire a mien, that we try in vain, perhaps, to connect them with any waking perceptions. In many dreams, as Herr Volkelt observes, we may clearly observe the process of exaggeration going on. In dreams of terror, to which, like many other children, I was greatly liable, I frequently saw forms which gradually swelled out into unearthly proportions. Another form of this process is illustrated in De Quincey's dreams, in which space seemed to swell before his eyes, through a crowding in of multitudes of objects on his vision. This crowding of images is frequently referable to the subjective stimulation of the optic nerve, which produces the semblance of a number of points of light, called by the Germans the "light-dust." It is very common, too, in dreams, to have a succession of images, of which each new member is more imposing or more impressive than the preceding. Here is an example from Volkelt. He dreamt he gave up his hat and overcoat to an official at the cloak-room of a place of amusement, and noticed that the recipient instantly changed the hat for another. This process of substitution went on till he completely lost sight of his own articles. Thereupon somebody carried a heap of articles of attire out of the cloak-room. He inferred that there was an organized body of thieves at the back, and turned to a policeman. Immediately he became involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with the thieves, and finally was stabbed in the abdomen. Here there is a clear ascending gradation in respect of the terrifying character of the dream.

These various forms of the exaggerating tendency in dreams are to be accounted for by more than one consideration. First of all, since in sleep the area of distinct consciousness or of attention is

so greatly circumscribed, the few sensations which happen to penetrate it naturally become exaggerated. Just as the click of a window is magnified at night when we are seeking the quiet of sleep and our attention is not diverted by other impressions, so any bodily sensation or emotion which enters into the dreamer's consciousness and wholly engages his attention becomes larger, deeper, and intenser than it would be in a waking condition of the mind.

But again, our sensations and other feelings are estimated during our waking states by comparison with one another, and when this comparison is wanting the sensation assumes an undefined and large aspect. Thus sensations of pleasure received through parts of the bodily surface which are not habituated to such impressions invariably appear too large. So the cavity formed by the loss of a tooth seems too large to the tongue at first, because its discriminative sensibility in the estimation of distance is but feebly developed. Once more, when under the momentary excitement of a pleasurable or painful emotion, and incapable of judging the feeling by a recollection of previous like emotions, we invariably over-estimate its magnitude. The present sunset always seems more wonderful and more splendid than all its predecessors. Now in dreams sensations and emotions are in a pre-eminent degree isolated feelings, which are incapable of being measured by the play of those ideal or reproductive elements which render our waking impressions distinct and sharp, and hence they tend to appear too large through being undefined. As a consequence of this they assume a greatly transformed aspect, presenting themselves through images which are absurdly disproportionate to their real causes.

Finally, one of the principal exaggerating forces in dream-fancy is the action of a persistent emotional state. We have already seen how such a state serves to single out and to unite the images of the brain. Now this process necessarily involves accumulation and exaggeration. Each new image attracted by a dominant feeling reacts on this feeling, intensifying it, and this enables it to go on piling image on image. Since this process in dream-life is generally quite unchecked by any sense of probability or rational congruity, the result is a scene or an action which far transcends those of our real experience. It should be observed, too, that the high degree of fusibility which belongs



to our dream-images contributes to this effect of preternatural exaggeration, since through the blending of a number of images of a certain emotional color composite images arise which greatly transcend in impressiveness those of our waking experience.

These considerations help to explain what some writers call the "symbolic" nature of dream-images. This idea has, no doubt, been greatly exaggerated, as when a German writer, Scherner, contends that the various bodily sources of sensations in dreams reveal themselves to consciousness under the symbol of a house or series of buildings, so that a pain in the head calls up an image of hideous spiders on the *ceiling*, and sensations associated with the intestinal canal symbolize themselves through the image of a narrow alley, and so on. Such theories are too fanciful, and do not appear to correspond to most persons' experience. On the other hand, there is undoubtedly a tendency for certain feelings, more particularly bodily sensations, to present themselves uniformly under the guise of one kind of image. With myself, for example, a sensation of pressure in the heart or lungs very frequently translates itself into an imagination of hastening for a train. This fancy exactly corresponds to one of the most frequent and certainly most intense forms of mental agitation in my waking life. In a similar way, one suspects, all kinds of sensations during sleep are apt to clothe themselves in fancies which represent the most intense form of that particular mode of feeling. People who strongly dislike contention will often dream that they are involved in some noisy quarrel with their dearest friends. Thus a bodily sensation will tend to symbolize itself under some one form of fancy, varying with the individual's temperament and daily experience.

We are now, perhaps, in a position to explain, in part at least, how it is that the dreams which are excited by bodily sensations so seldom contain any inkling as to the real bodily source of those feelings. For one thing, they present themselves as greatly exaggerated in degree, and consequently in many cases have to be interpreted as feelings of another order. This accounts to some extent for the transformation of pleasurable and painful bodily sensations into the more intense mental emotions. But this is not all. Even in

our waking life, we have but a faint consciousness of the bodily seat of the various organic sensations. Distinct localization of sensation depends on sight and touch. Of these, sight probably does most to give distinctness and permanence to the idea of bodily locality. The internal parts of the body are wholly inaccessible to sight and touch, whilst even many parts of the bodily surface are rarely if ever seen or touched. Moreover, owing to the slight part played by ideas of touch in dreams as compared with those of sight, there is little scope for the representation of those parts, such as certain regions of the back, which are known to touch but not to sight. Hence the frequent remark that in dreams the mind is withdrawn from the body, which means first of all that most of its vague waking knowledge of its bodily organism now fails it, and, secondly, that its imaginative representations are mainly derived from impressions of the eye and of the ear; that is to say, of the senses whose activity is normally accompanied by the least degree of consciousness of the bodily organ concerned, but is concentrated in the perception of some object external to the organ.

In all these processes we see something like a suspension of those higher intellectual activities which serve to regulate our waking perceptions and actions. There is nothing like recognition, inference, or rational interpretation in most of our dreams. It seems almost as if during sleep we returned to the undeveloped mental condition of infancy, with the single difference that our emotions are more various and our images are furnished by a larger field of experience. It has been urged by more than one writer, with a good deal of plausibility, that dreams are representations of a primordial state of intelligence and mental development, as we see it now in children and some of the lower animals. The suspension of the higher intellectual functions and the absence, for the most part, of the higher emotions give support to this theory. Yet this is too wide a subject to be entered into here. My object is fulfilled if the foregoing examination of the force of dream-construction has been carried far enough, not, indeed, to account for all the complex aspects of dream-life, but to show that this life betrays underneath all its apparent lawless spontaneity clear traces of an order impressed on it by ascertainable formative influences.



POPULAR FEELING IN 1854 AND 1876. — The *Herald of Peace* says: "The British people at the time of the Crimean War, misled by those who professed to be their guides, were deaf and blind to every representation made that did not chime in with the passion of the hour. It was the time when Lord Palmerston declared that Turkey, within the last thirty years, had made greater progress in every possible way than was ever made by any other country during the same period; when Lord Shaftesbury used to expatiate in glowing terms on the religious liberty which existed in Turkey (!); when Lord Russell used to allege it as a good reason for going to war with the emperor Nicholas, that he had suppressed the Bible Society in Russia, which was utterly untrue; when John Bright was burnt in effigy at Manchester; when Richard Cobden was opposed and outvoted by his own Liberal constituents at Leeds; when Joseph Sturge was charged with hoarding quantities of grain to enhance its value, because the war had sent up the price of corn; when Mr. Henry Richard was placarded over the town of Cardiff as a Russian spy; when ecclesiastical and religious bodies could not meet without sounding aloud the tocsin of war; and all to prevent the emperor of Russia having the right to protect the members of the Greek Church in Turkey from the fanatical hatred of their Mahomedan rulers. Well, it is certainly meet that the English people should awaken, as they are now very effectually doing, to a sense of the fraud that was practised upon them when they were led to believe that in fighting for the Turks they were fighting the battle of freedom, justice, and civilization. It is no wonder if they are almost mad with the shame, the dishonor, the infamy, of being regarded by the whole civilized world as the special patrons and protectors of the Bashi-Bazouks, whose exploits in Bulgaria have filled the earth with horror and execration. The danger now is that they should rush into an opposite extreme, and be so inflamed with resentment that they will clamor for a war of vengeance on their former *protégés*. Nor is there any necessity to have recourse to war. If the western powers will only let their own foolish and wicked mutual jealousies sleep, and agree to speak with one voice to the Turks, there is no doubt they must listen and obey. The danger now arises mainly, we believe, from the suspicion of Russia, which is a mere monomania with some of our countrymen. It was this that led to the Crimean War, which gave a new lease of twenty years to the brutalities of the Turks, under English guarantees. It is the duty of the people of this country, if they would wipe the infamy of being the patrons of the Turks forever from the national escutcheon, to insist that this policy of suspicion be laid aside, and that our government should join loyally and cordially with other Christian

governments in undoing the mischief that was done by their jealousies and dissensions twenty years ago."

#### SINGULAR PROPERTY OF TOMATO LEAVES

—"I planted a peach orchard," writes M. Siroy, of the Society of Horticulture, Valparaiso, "and the trees grow well and strongly. They had but just commenced to bud when they were invaded by the curculio (*pulgón*), which insects were followed, as frequently happens, by ants. Having cut some tomatoes, the idea occurred to me that by placing some of the leaves around the trunks and branches of the peach-trees, I might preserve them from the rays of the sun, which were very powerful. My surprise was great upon the following day, to find the trees entirely free from their enemies, not one remaining, except here and there where a curled leaf prevented the tomato from exercising its influence. These leaves I carefully unrolled, placing upon them fresh ones from the tomato vine, with the result of banishing the last insect and enabling the trees to grow with luxuriance. Wishing to carry still further my experiment, I steeped in water some fresh leaves of the tomato, and sprinkled with this infusion other plants, roses, and oranges. In two days these were also free from the innumerable insects which covered them, and I felt sure that, had I used the same means with my melon patch, I should have met with the same result. I therefore deem it a duty I owe to the Society of Horticulture to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaves, which I discovered by the merest accident.

COLORS OF ANIMALS. — Despite the popular notion that the chameleon and other animals can change their color at will, Professor Garman says there is a want of scientific evidence in favor of the belief. Drawing up for consideration a schedule of animals in two groups of comparative brilliance and paleness, we find that light or darkness of habitat determines the color as a whole. The amount of light in their surroundings is in inverse relation to the brilliance of color. The dark colors are found in forests and on dark soils; the light colors on plains and snow. The bleaching process applies to the lower surface, to the ventral portions of animals by reflection. In the water the same is true, the rivers with muddy bottoms being peopled by dark forms; the brilliant colors are found in hot and sunny waters or transparent lakes. This was shown in a great variety of instances.